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By Mabel Love

PAK SUBUH, NEW ORIENTAL "MASTER"

By Archibald Jarman

PAUL'S VISION OF CHRIST

By George Zorab

LSO IN THIS ISSUE: AS I REMEMBER LYDIA ALLISON, By Eileen J. arrett; THE WESLEY POLTERGEIST, by Alice V. Hancock; GHOST IN CRIN-LINE, by Wainwright Evans; MOTH OF DESTINY, by Stuart Burford; DID)GAR WALLACE RETURN?, by Nandor Fodor; Other Articles, Book Reviews.

50 CENTS

VOL. 7, NO. 2, SPRING 1959

EDITORIAL:

MAN'S MENTAL NATURE

LOOKING over the present issue of TOMORROW magazine, one is struck with the diversity of the authors as well as their opinions. Included here are reports of primitive beliefs which men have held through the years until they have become part of their mental natures, as well as modern manifestations of those same beliefs. There are those who tell us that these opinions are liable to be erroneous; that they perpetuate ideas and prejudices of less-enlightened age. While I agree that it is healthy to challenge all dogma, however well-established, at certain intervals, I also hold that man's belief in the phenomena that point toward the doctrine of survival will always continue, if only due to the emotional appeal surrounding it or through force of habit.

The fact that much that happens in the field of psychic matters is opposed to generally accepted facts and thought patterns, gives it an air of irrationality that repels the skeptic. However, since most dogmas, ancient or modern, rest upon equally unsafe foundations, I believe that the presentation of such diverse facts is important to our spiritual education and to a complete knowledge of how man has acted and thought in the past.

OBSERVATIONS culled from many sources lead us to believe that there are forces existing in nature which are still unmeasured and undefined, awaiting provable hypotheses and explanations. One great adventure available to us is to examine, as far as we possibly can, those indications that appear to imply the existence of an invisible but nevertheless intelligent source in the universe within and around us.

Continued on Back Cover

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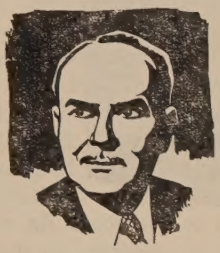

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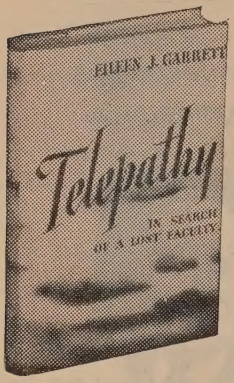

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ARCHIBALD JARMAN made a personal visit to Coombe Springs and interviewed Pak Subuh and John Bennett for this article. He is a member of the Society for Psychical Research, London, and has written a number of articles for various publications. His article in the Winter, 1959, **Tomorrow** was entitled "A Horse Named Twenty-Twenty."

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Continued on page 7

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GUSTAF STROMBERG contributed "An Astronomer Looks at Psychic Phenomena" to the Winter, 1957, issue of **Tomorrow.** He is the author of **The Soul of the Universe** (New York, 1940-48) and **The Searchers** (New York, 1948). He has been associated with the Mt. Wilson Observatory for many years.

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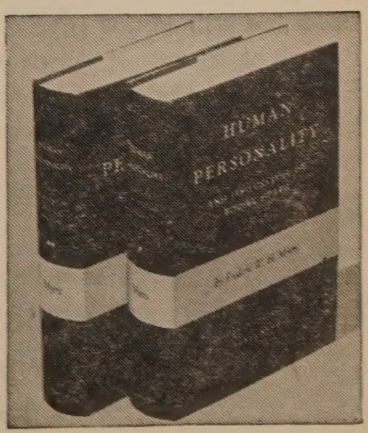

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THE WOMAN WHO SOLVES CRIMES

Mabel Love

THE taxi driver, becalmed in a New York traffic jam, fell to thinking about his own personal problems: should he sell his house in Bellerose, take that job in Detroit—things like that.

"Don't give up your job, son, your wife would not be happy out there," a hearty voice boomed from the back seat of his cab.

"What the — what goes on here?" Shaken, the driver turned to size up the smiling middle-aged woman who seemed to have read his thoughts so accurately.

"You a mind reader, lady?"

"Something like that, only my gift is called extra-sensory perception."

"Sounds like double talk to me," said the driver, wagging his head, "and if it's all the same to you, lady, I'll let you out at the next corner and you won't have to pay me a cent, either."

"Well, thanks for the ride, anyway," said his passenger as she backed out of the cab, more amused than chagrined by the ungallant dismissal.

The lady with the mental Geiger counter built in her skull was Florence Sternfels, nationally famous sensitive, whose pow-

ers have been recognized by a number of scientific bodies engaged in the study of psychic phenomena.

"I'm not a fortune teller, as some people seem to think," insists Florence, as she is known professionally. "And I'm not a spiritualist medium, either; in fact, if I ever saw a real ghost I think I'd faint from sheer fright."

Certainly there is no suggestion of the mystic about this comfortable, motherly woman. She is held in high esteem by Chief of Police Edward Pickering and Mayor Henry Wissell of Edgewater, New Jersey, where she lives in a kind of storybook house overlooking the Hudson River. Her kindly deeds and rich chuckling laughter are familiar to almost everyone in the friendly little town.

The gift that Florence exercises is rare. She does not contact the spirits of the dead, nor does she predict the future by looking at cards or a crystal ball. What she does is called *psychometry,* and consists of receiving impressions or messages from small inanimate objects. A pen, a piece of jewelry, a pocket knife, or any such object that belonged to the person in question, seems, with a few gifted persons, to arouse thoughts and knowledge about the owner of that object. Miraculous? Yes, it is. But does it work? A list of the problems she has solved by this method will speak for itself.

Florence has been called in by police of other cities to assist in certain baffling investigations. Refusing to accept a fee, she explains, "As a good citizen I am glad to cooperate with these men who constantly risk their own lives to protect the public."

"It isn't always that the police are stumped when they call on me," says Florence. "Sometimes they just want to save the time that would be involved in a long drawn out investigation."

A Body Under the Bridge

THAT'S not the way grateful officials of York, Pennsylvania tell it in describing the assistance Florence once gave them in connection with a difficult murder case.

The crumpled body of an elderly woman had been discovered under a bridge, where it had been hidden after the victim had been strangled and robbed.

Identified by the police as Mary Jenkins, a person of orderly habits employed as a housekeeper, the victim had made it a

rule on her day off to visit the bank where she deposited most of her weekly wages. Suspects in the case were Bingo Kane and his girl friend Sadie Tole. Kane, an unsavory character, spent much of his time hanging around a tap room where Sadie was employed as a barmaid. Sadie was known to be acquainted with the victim and familiar with her thrifty habits.

Their watertight alibi, accounting for their movements on the day of the murder, had made it impossible for the police to make an arrest.

Felix S. Bentzel, at that time Mayor of York, being familiar with her work, decided to send for Florence.

"First of all, I'm going to have a nice little chat with Sadie," Florence announced on arriving.

Detectives Farrell and Pinkerton, assigned to the case, agreed to wait outside while Florence confronted the glowering barmaid, whom the police had described as being "hard as flint."

"It will be a miracle if you get anything out of that tough baby," Florence was warned.

"Honest to God, I don't know a thing about it," Sadie protested at first, beginning to crack, however, as Florence, exerting the full force of her psychic powers, described every detail of the murder including a description of a third character who had not been previously linked with the crime.

"All right," Sadie finally admitted, "I went with two guys. It wasn't worth it, either, having to split $35 three ways."

With the guilty trio behind bars one hour later, Florence made her departure in the grand manner, after receiving a citation from Mayor Bentzel and a note of thanks from the entire police department.

Nor did the matter rest there. Mayor Bentzel wrote a warm letter of appreciation to Henry Wissell, Mayor of Edgewater, thanking him for recommending Florence and telling of her successful efforts in obtaining the confessions of the three.

Another police official who ranks high in Florence's regard is the chivalrous Captain George F. Richardson, former assistant chief of police of Philadelphia, now retired.

The Missing Street

REQUESTED by the police of a city in Pennsylvania, to aid them in locating two missing boys who had run away from

home, Florence had informed them that the boys could be found in Philadelphia, even naming the street.

With their faith in her prophetic powers dimmed by the discovery that no such street existed in the city, the weary police with good reason gave up their search and returned home in disgust.

Nettled by what she regarded as a challenge to her ability, Florence made a trip to Philadelphia at her own expense.

Arriving at City Hall she happened to run into Captain Richardson to whom she related her tale of woe.

"That street name sounds familiar to me, may have been changed," remarked Captain Richardson. And so it had been, as a study of an earlier map revealed.

A car and police escort were placed at her disposal and Florence rode off in fine style in quest of the missing boys.

They were there, all right, and in a mood to return home having all but exhausted their funds in a riotous round of movies, ice cream, hot dogs and soda pop.

Florence's first psychic experience occurred when she was a child of eight years, living in Winston, New York.

On her way home from school, she liked to wander through an old cemetery, where she often copied names engraved on the tombstones in an effort to improve her writing.

One day, standing beside an unmarked grave, she wrote down the name Thomas Burns. Just then the old caretaker came hobbling down the path. "What are you doing, little girl?" he wanted to know.

"Practicing writing names," she told him.

"But there's no name on that grave."

"I know," faltered the frightened child, it just came like a flash, Thomas Burns."

"That's the name, all right," grumbled the startled caretaker, "and now you get out of here and don't ever come back again."

As time went on Florence learned to keep silent about her psychic abilities.

At home it was different, with her understanding family of English stock who trace their ancestry back to Admiral Lord Nelson, Great Britain's outstanding war hero of all time.

Incidentally, early records show that Lord Nelson's intellectual curiosity once led him to consult a West Indies seer who

predicted accurately along with other pertinent information that he would reach the peak of his career at the age of forty.

If there had been any doubt in the minds of her parents it would have been dispelled by an incident which took place when Florence, as a teen-ager, foretold the loss of an uncle who lived in far off South Dakota.

"Your uncle is coming to visit us next week," her mother had said at the dinner table, but Florence's short-lived delight died as she suddenly stiffened in her chair, her eyes glazed as she stared into space.

"Uncle Ed is not coming," she pronounced her words in a dull, measured fashion. "He will never come here again."

Her words proved true with the arrival of a message announcing the death of her favorite uncle.

An early marriage and devotion to home and family did nothing to lessen the psychic experiences she made futile efforts to surpress.

Seven-year-old Murdered

HER flashes of thought of other peoples' minds continued to perplex her until she learned that this was nothing to fear.

The part Florence played in solving the mystery of the murder of the seven-year-old daughter of a Marine officer stationed at the United States Marine Base, Parris Island, South Carolina, was never officially recorded at the time it occurred during World War II.

Now it can be told as Colonel Arthur Burks, retired Marine, reveals the events connected with the kidnapping and brutal slaying of little Dolly Miller.

"Dolly was a great favorite with everyone," recalls Colonel Burks (then Major). She had the run of the barracks and it was unthinkable that any of the 17,000 men on the island would molest this little girl.

Word of her abduction was made known by an excited group of Dolly's playmates, who told of a strange man who had induced her to follow him into the woods with the promise of toys and a real live pony.

A searching party was immediately organized by Burks and the men were flung out in a skirmish line, covering a tortuous trail of copperhead-infested underbrush until ordered back to the barracks at 2 A.M. in order to get a few hours' sleep.

Burks, who was a close friend of the distraught father of the

child, remained with him and a few civilian friends who continued the search all through the night. Among the most active of Miller's civilian friends was young Joe Keller who although just about exhausted, refused to rest or eat as he pushed on, shouting Dolly's name.

Standing in the eerie half-light of early morning beside the turgid swampland which surrounded most of the west side of the island, Burks suddenly recalled the suggestion he had received before starting out on the fruitless search.

"Get in touch with Florence," someone said. "Send some of the child's clothing to her so she may become in rapport with the situation, and since Florence has an affinity for metal be sure to include some thing, such as jewelry Dolly has worn, or if not available, then send in an old shoe with metal eyelets."

Burks, to whom the name Florence had no real meaning, was willing enough to grasp at any straw. Besides, his mind was receptive to the experiment since as a hobby on his own time he had been making a study of psychic research in his home.

Fearing the ridicule of his fellow officers he made quiet contact with Florence who agreed to cooperate provided she was requested to do so by some qualified official.

"I told her that I felt qualified to make the official request," Burks relates.

Body Located

SO, within a few minutes after receiving the air mailed package containing little Dolly's garments, Florence had made a map of the area where she said the body would be found, giving directions by air mail letter.

"I am certain," says Burks, "that Florence had never been there, yet we found Dolly's pitiful little body floating face down in the swamp, just where she said it would be."

Fearing his fellow officers would regard him as a crackpot, Burks had not mentioned his contacts with Florence, but now he felt forced to do so and to his surprise and relief learned that the Post Intelligence Officer and several others connected with the investigation were also interested in the study of paranormal psychology.

Weeks of intensive investigation followed with no clue to the identity of the murderer established. Burks, who is acclaimed

as a brilliant writer of novels of adventure, science fiction and factual accounts of travel adventure, admits that nothing he has ever written or known can parallel the mystery which continued to protect the fiend who had caused little Dolly's death.

"Once again I felt impelled to call on Florence for assistance," he recalls.

In the message he received from Florence shortly after the contact he had made by telephone, Burks learned to his great relief that the killer was not a Marine but a civilian who turned out in the best tradition to be Joe Keller, the active young man who had never ceased calling Dolly's name during the night of the hunt.

Florence's description of the murderer and his actions was so complete in every detail that he readily confessed and is now serving a sentence of life imprisonment.

A recent flash of the mind sent Florence on a trip outside the state, after a frantic husband enlisted her aid in an attempt to locate his missing wife.

"The police have been working on the case for over a week, and they finally suggested you might be able to help," the man told Florence. He said that the only thing to mar their happiness had been the agonizing pain of migraine headaches from which his wife suffered.

"She did say on the morning she disappeared that she was afraid that if she did not find relief she would have to end her life, but I did not really take it seriously," said the worried husband. "I was advised to bring some of her jewelery with me to help you establish rapport with her movements," he sheepishly said. "It sounds odd to me but see what you can do."

A Blinding Headache

AS Florence relates it, she was seized with such a blinding headache she was almost unable to project her mind in the direction the woman had taken, as, crazed with pain, she had for three days wandered about.

"I get the name of a town," Florence said, naming a town that was miles away from the girl's home.

It was there they found her in the city morgue, where her body had been taken by police after it had been recovered from the river. They had been unable to contact her family since she wore no identification of any kind.

"Tragedies such as this sometimes make me wish I had never been born with this strange gift," says Florence, who regards her clairvoyant power as a mixed blessing which has set her apart in a skeptical, sometimes even hostile world since childhood.

However, the late Dr. Hereward Carrington, director of the American Psychical Institute, who has engaged with other distinguished authorities in research on physic phenomena, learned of her ability and contacted her with a request for permission to test her powers of precognition.

Dr. Carrington, an experienced psychic researcher with an impeccable reputation for integrity, had never been afraid to expose fraudulent practices, in paranormal psychology.

However, he recognized and showed respect for Florence's psychic abilities after an extensive study over a period of several years. In his conclusions (reduced here to brief form) he said, "I am convinced that Florence is possessed of remarkable psychic abilities and of her complete honesty and sincerity."

The head of metropolitan detective agency, Harry Levin, made an appointment with Florence for a client he described as a key witness involved in a pending murder trial.

Arriving that evening with his client and a couple of friends, Levin was gratified by Florence's success in supplying the needed information.

Just as they were about to leave Florence gave a cry of dismay.

"I See an Accident"

"I see an accident. Please return to the city on a bus," she entreated the lawyer, but the men laughed uneasily and then were off, with Florence calling to them to be careful when they came to the bend near Fort Lee.

Minutes later their car collided with another. The lawyer was killed instantly as he attempted to jump from the car, although the others escaped unhurt.

On two occasions, following her appearance as a guest on Jack Paar's and Long John's radio program featured on WOR, Florence was overwhelmed with visitors, who swarmed all over her lawn, telephoning and ringing her doorbell at all hours of the day and night until it got so she was unable even to eat a meal without being interrupted.

Mail arrived in enormous sacks, many of the letters requesting

information also contained checks, money orders, and bills of varying denomination.

Living alone now after the loss of her husband and only son and the marriage of her daughter, Florence sent for her brother, Nelson, a retired business man who cheerfully interrupted his travels to make his home with her as he took over the task of bringing order out of chaos, first of all returning all mail containing money.

His help was a godsend to Florence, who seems to be as poor a business woman as she is a good psychic. Now anyone who wished to consult his sister on minor matters was obliged to make an appointment. Exceptions may be allowed to attend an open meeting, where Florence serves refreshments and attempts to solve the problems presented to her.

"She is never happier than when helping others," says Nelson, so they consider it well worth the trouble.

As an example of what may occur at one of these sessions, a young woman recently told of her father's loss of a thousand dollars he claimed had been taken from his bureau drawer that morning.

"Go home and tell your father to take his money to the bank first thing in the morning," she is advised. "Remind him he changed his hiding place yesterday."

"Human squirrels, that's what half the people are who come here with camplaints of being robbed," laughs Florence.

About an hour later the daughter telephoned to say the money had been found in her father's tool box; he remembered having put it there because it had a stronger lock.

Not Infallible

OF course, Florence cannot solve every problem that is brought to her. Often her guests are forced to go away shaking their heads, as her hints may shed no light on their particular dilemma. However, in the cases when she does hit the mark, the results are sometimes amazing. In one remarkable case she found some lost documents and incidentally earned a kudo from one of the nation's largest business organizations, the Bell Telephone Company.

The telephone company, in an effort to protect their subscribers against any kind of fraudulent practice, does not permit listings of so-called psychics, and when

Florence applied for such a listing in the New York and New Jersey directories her application was rejected.

Some time later, however, a worried official was advised to consult Florence with regard to a set of valuable documents which had disappeared from the files of the business office.

Although apparently skeptical, he agreed to contact Florence.

"I'll be at the office in less than an hour's time," she offered, and ten minutes after exploring the file cabinet which had contained the papers she succeeded in locating and restoring the folder.

As it turned out, they had not been stolen as had been thought, but had been placed by mistake in a collection of papers which had been stored in another building.

The payoff came when Florence reminded the grateful officials that the company had once refused to list her name with the designation of "psychic" in their directory. Convinced of her ability they agreed to comply with this modest request, so at this time she is listed in the Manhattan and North Jersey directories as "Florence, psychic," followed by her telephone number.

The Record of a Controversial Figure

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By HEREWARD CARRINGTON

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In less than two years, the Subud movement has gained support from Java to San Francisco—but what is its striking appeal?

PAK SUBUH: NEW ORIENTAL "MASTER"

Archibald Jarman

SINCE unrecorded time bright luminaries have soared into Eastern skies. The incandescence of the few has blazed splendidly enough to illumine the whole world, and their light persists to this day. Many more have flared fitfully for their brief hour and have faded back into the dark night of history. These luminaries were the Prophets and Mystics, the Teachers and Healers.

Most recent of these oriental "Masters" is Muhammed Sumihaddiwidjojo, now known as Pak Subuh, which may be translated as "Father Sunrise." Born in Java in 1901, he is said to be of royal lineage; his birth was said to have been accompanied by the eruption of Javanese volcanoes.

As a child Subuh saw visions and was gifted with the powers of prophecy and clairvoyance; as a youth he sat at the feet of a series of *gurus* until they, in reverence, sent him away, proclaiming that he was greater than they and of different substance, and that his teaching would come di-

rect from God. As a young man he worked as a humble bookkeeper; but in 1925, walking in the open night, a light brighter than the sun descended, filled him with radiance and shook him violently.

For a thousand nights tremendous spiritual phenomena followed. Among them he claims to have visited other planets and to have talked with the Prophets; he believes that the Prophet Muhammad himself (who was born at the same moment of the year as Subuh) was his personal guide at this time. When he was young, he was convinced that he was to die at the age of thirty-two; but on his thirty-second birthday he did not die, but he was torn by a devastating spiritual experience. He received the revelation that he must offer his ministry to all humanity. He gave up his office work, sure that God would provide for his needs, and labored solely at his mission.

All the foregoing is related by the "Master" himself.

Not Other-Worldly

ON meeting Pak Subuh, now fifty-eight years old, one is not conscious of any unusual or other-worldly personality. Rather, his essential human quality is most marked. Of medium build, he is grey-haired and copper-skinned; he wears glasses and western clothing. He is friendly and pleasant and laughs frequently. Not ascetic like many of his calling, he eats meat and drinks wine in moderation. Less moderate is his smoking of cigarettes, of which he consumes fifty or sixty each day.

Pak Subuh is married to a Javanese who bore him six children; one of his daughters presented him with three grandchildren. He appears to be an ordinary and unassuming person, and this he insists is true, except for one extraordinary and sacred gift. That, he states, is his power to transmit to any that may ask, the priceless benison of the Holy Spirit. Those receiving it are again empowered to pass it to others. In this way he hopes the world may be saved from destruction by the materialistic and demonic forces that now menace it.

Pak Subuh's teaching is simple and is known as *Subud*. However, the similarity of names is accidental; Subud is a contraction of the Indonesian words *Susila, Buddhi* and *Dharma*; these broadly mean "The Good Life," the Inner Force," and "Submission." Although Pak Subuh has been teach-

ing his doctrine for twenty-five years, until 1954 it was unknown beyond Indonesia. In 1955, a small center of disciples appeared in Cyprus. Then from mid-1957 until the present date, Subud expanded with astonishing speed. Now there are groups in five continents.

In Great Britain alone it is estimated that over two thousand disciples have received "the gift of the Holy Spirit," alternatively known as "the contact." From all over the earth, invitations to found Subud centers have poured in, and Subud is now represented in forty-five countries, including the United States. Appearing first in San Francisco, Los Angeles and Sacramento, it is now rapidly spreading to other states.

The origin of this blossoming movement is very interesting. In 1950, chance took a certain Belgian-Israeli to Indonesia. He was Husein Rofé, educated in England, a remarkable linguist who now, at the age of twenty-eight, is exploring the East, studying Oriental religions. In Java, he became converted to Subuh's teachings and entered his household for two years, thereby fulfilling a *guru's* prophecy, made fifteen years previously.

Rofé wrote many articles on Subud for Islamic papers. One of these led to his being invited to Cyprus by Meredith Starr, an authority on methods of spiritual training. This, in turn, led to an invitation to England by yet another extraordinary man, John Godolphin Bennett, scholar and scientist.

Bennett, a tall, lean student of mysticism, now sixty-one years old, a graduate of Oxford, a qualified chemist and physicist, is also a dedicated explorer in the realms of the spirit. For thirty years his quest had taken him all over the world, seeking an answer to a question he could barely formulate. His sharp intellectual mind has raised him above the level of an eccentric dreamer; his practical ability found recognition in his being appointed first Director of the British Government's Coal Utilization Board.

G.I. Gurdjieff's Institute

JOHN Bennett's first teacher in metaphysical learning was the remarkable and mysterious Caucasian mystic, G. I. Gurdjieff. Soon after the First World War, the Oxford man studied at the famed Institute for the Harmonious Development of Man at Fontainebleau, France. Afterwards he broke with Gurdjieff for twenty-five years, but became reconciled during the last

year of the aged savant's life. It was in the mystic's teaching that Bennett most nearly found the answer that he was seeking; this was to be attained in the awakening of a higher consciousness than could be reached by thought.

Before he died, Gurdjieff prophesied that another and a greater teacher would continue his work and he even hinted at a link with the Malay Archipeligo. He also privately instructed Bennett in certain matters and the English scientist abandoned all business affairs and converted his spacious home into a school for the propagation of Gurdjieff's ideas.

Bennett tells of an incident in 1953, romantic and fantastic enough to figure in the *Arabian Nights*. Chance or destiny took him from place to place in the Near and Far East, until in Damascus he encountered a saintly sheik who said his coming had been foretold by an angel. The sheik had been enjoined to give Bennett a message, that "a man would come from the East to England," that he would live in Bennett's home and that God had chosen John Bennett as an "immediate helper" in this man's mission. The Briton returned to England to prepare his home for this extraordinary visitor.

It was not until August, 1956, that Bennett heard of Rofé's work in Cyprus and of Pak Subuh in Indonesia. He decided that the Javanese teacher might well be the man whose advent had been prophesied by the mystic Gurdjieff and the Damascan saint. It was arranged that he should visit England. On May 22, 1957, Pak Subuh and his family arrived at Coombe Springs, Bennett's fine home at Kingston-on-Thames, near London.

At once, but by coincidence, Pak Subuh and Bennett were caught up in a blaze of worldwide publicity. It happened that Miss Eva Bartok, the actress, had studied at Bennett's School for some years and now was gravely ill. Pregnancy complicated her condition and seven different doctors agreed that an operation must terminate the pregnancy if her life were to be saved.

Miss Bartok was desperately anxious to bear the child and, on the eve of the operation, she walked out of her London hospital and placed herself solely in the hands of Pak Subuh and John Bennett. For three weeks the world's press reported this apparently reckless gamble. The outcome is known. After submitting to Subuh's spiritual treatment, the

illness vanished and Miss Bartok bore a healthy daughter.

"Process of Purification"

WHAT is Subud? Its adherents deny that it is a religion or a creed or a philosophy. They claim that it is a means of intensification of all; a way of life; above all, that it is a "process of purification." It is a method by which defects in both the moral character and in the body are eliminated. It is stressed that the physical healing is only a by-product of the cleansing of the soul.

Pak Subuh emphasizes that he himself has no power to heal; he can only teach others how to heal themselves. Disease is due to the inability of the soul to worship God in the proper manner. Training in Subud is said to correct the spiritual life, enabling the body to became whole.

How is this achieved, and what is the secret of Pak Subuh's technique? He explains that the essence of his method lies in making the "Inner Self" utterly passive, in completely negating the personal will and in admitting that man in his present hardly-conscious state can do nothing at all except by Divine Will. Subuh maintains that a human being who attains that state achieves a miraculous ability to transmit the power of the Holy Spirit which will purify soul and body.

The contact of the Holy Spirit is given at a *latihan*. This is an Indonesian word meaning "training." Normally the training takes place in a group, although advanced Subudians may practice it alone. There are no spoken injunctions, no teachers, no instructed movements. All those present are utterly passive, all thought and emotion is stilled as far as possible; each member is an empty vessel ready for filling.

The only essential is that there shall be present at least one Subudian who has been "opened"; that is, a person who has already received the contact from Pak Subuh directly or through his original agency. The contention is that the novices present, if in the right condition of grace and submission, will receive the purifying spirit as though infected by a spiritual germ.

Later, when sufficiently established, this can again be passed to others. Bennett likens the process to a chain reaction of nuclear fission. The analogy is apt and helps explain the recent amazingly swift expansion of Subud.

The latihan is conducted separately for each sex, women nov-

ices are initially instructed by Ibu Subuh, wife of the Master. In the appointed room, all sit or stand with closed eyes, awaiting the coming of the "contact." Those who are so affected (not all "receive" at their first latihan; some may not do so for months) experience strange physical reactions. Some feel a burning or tingling in the limbs.

As the contact deepens, they may feel impelled to certain actions; some may throw themselves onto the floor; some may commence a slow dance; others will run rapidly around the room; some will burst into tears. With about twenty per cent (known as the "O" group) there is a period of very violent reaction while deep sub-human forces are purged. Loud sounds are emitted. They may resemble an animal's grunts or a parrot's cries, or the cries of people in mental agony; perhaps shouting or uncontrollable laughter will be heard. These reactions are spontaneous and, although the trainee is fully conscious, they appear to emanate from an alien inner force and the initiate feels no embarrassment.

In his book *Concerning Subud* (London, 1958), John G. Bennett relates how an American war correspondent attended a latihan at Coombe Springs. The visitor was horrified to see men contorting themselves and shrieking as though possessed, and he believed that evil forces were at work. Bennett reminded him of the Gospel record of the reaction of certain men and women when they felt the power of Jesus: they fell to the ground writhing and screaming. Action deep enough and strong enough to tame the evil forces within them resulted in this violent manifestation, but it was thus that the holy impulse in man was victorious.

The expulsion of these low animal agents, such as egotism, lust or cowardice, caused the furious repercussion. Bennett states that an objective proof that a trainee is eliminating some noxious trait is that often a fetid odor may be observed in his vicinity.

The latihan lasts about a half-hour and is probably repeated two or three times each week. While in Subud, the initiates take the latihan throughout the years as a continual renewal of the Holy Spirit.

Emotional, Physical Results

WHAT effect does Subud have on the life of its members? They say that they find the happiness of coming nearer to the di-

vine; that their religious faith is strengthened and their daily lives enriched; that fears and anxieties fade before the serene light of the incoming power; that frustration and doubt give way to the glorious certainty that God is indeed in His heaven.

On the physical side, Subud is disclaimed as a substitute for orthodox medicine, but the reported list of miraculous cures is impressive. These include tuberculosis, inoperable cancer, paralysis, muscular atrophy, diabetis, alcohol addiction, mental trouble, asthma and many others. Unfortunately no case histories compiled by outside doctors are available, and critics of Subud are understandably skeptical. Lately, however, a small clinic has been established at Grangewood Park, Surrey, where non-Subud physicians attend and observe patients. Their findings are likely to be most valuable.

The financial structure of the movement is rather loose. Essentially a non-profit group, it is controlled by a small limited company. Pak Subuh and his family receive no payment or salary; their needs are met by gifts from their adherents. Their expenses abroad are met by the foreign groups who invite them. Bennett has substantial private means, and the expenses of running a center like Coombe Springs are lessened by the ample supply of voluntary help.

Even the building of new dormitories for visiting trainees is done by an unpaid architect and unpaid builders who are Subudians. Only one typist is employed on a paid basis but the secretary of the English center, Pierre Elliot, works extremely hard with no reward but the joy of his contribution. Professionally he is a physicist.

A diversity of reasons brings people into Subud. All sections of society are represented, but most are in the middle income group. There are doctors and lawyers as well as carpenters and gardeners. There is no discrimination as to creed and color; Christians, Jews and Moslems may be found in the same latihan. Many who became Subudians had previously been Bennett's pupils at his Institute for the Comparative Study of History, Philosophy and the Sciences. When he decided that Subud was the fulfilment of Gurdjieff's teachings, his pupils followed him into it. Others suffering from illness or infirmity, perhaps hearing initially of the case of Eva Bartok, come seeking health.

Some come through curiosity, and there are always those who flock to a new cult. Many are moved by a spiritual hunger which is not appeased by orthodox religion. But most come into Subud, its protagonists claim, because they have seen a marked improvement, both spiritual and physical, in their friends who are already in the movement. To check the intrusion of frivolous candidates, there is now a three months probationary period before acceptance; nor may young people under the age of eighteen be admitted.

Potential Dangers

TWO major criticisms have been leveled at Subud. One is that its appeal really lies in "giving something for nothing." Gurdjieff and many others taught that salvation could come only through labor and suffering, whereas Subud appears to offer a pleasant, easy path to regeneration.

Subuh refutes this. He replies that acceptance of the contact implies the taking-on of a heavy burden, although it may be done joyfully. It is no slight thing to undergo a change of personality and to renounce much that was formerly held dear. Also, the advanced Subudian accepts the task of being a helper, which may be exhausting both psychically and physically.

Another criticism is reflected in the whispers that seriously sick people, relying upon the reputed powers of Subuh, have neglected orthodox medicine or healing; thus unnecessary suffering or even death may have ensued. Bennett stresses, however, that Subud is not acclaimed as a substitute for orthodox healing, which no one is encouraged to forego; it is considered a powerful supplimentation.

In the end, what does Subud amount to? The movement would be difficult to assess without the benefit of a long and intimate association. Will it prove to be a showy meteor simulating the true glory of a fixed star but in reality doomed to swift extinction? Like the myriad cults that have decked the world's history, Subud has its High Priest, its ardent disciples and its promise of salvation to bewildered humanity. But few of the past multitude have survived; false prophets have been legion. Yet no one dare say that the line of the great teachers is finished, nor, that the last of the great pretenders is gone.

The exponents of Subud say simply: "It works!" They say that

for most it offers rapid achievement of spiritual grace and that this is evidenced by greater peace of mind, by inner serenity, in greater love and tolerance for one's fellows, by a humble but marvelous certainty of God within. As a bonus to all these benisons improved physical health that can master even the diseases of darkness also is achieved. They say: "Try it! You will find that we do not lie."

Certainly the Subudians seen by the writer at Coombe Springs seemed to possess a marked *joie de vivre* and a tranquility that distinguishes them from the ordinary. Were they indeed lavishly endowed by the Holy Spirit, or were they like that before they encountered Subud? Or were they merely exalted by the bracing air of the Surrey hills? Only time or personal experience can give the answer.

A review of Mr. Bennett's book The Dramatic Universe *will be found on pp. 88-90 of this issue.*

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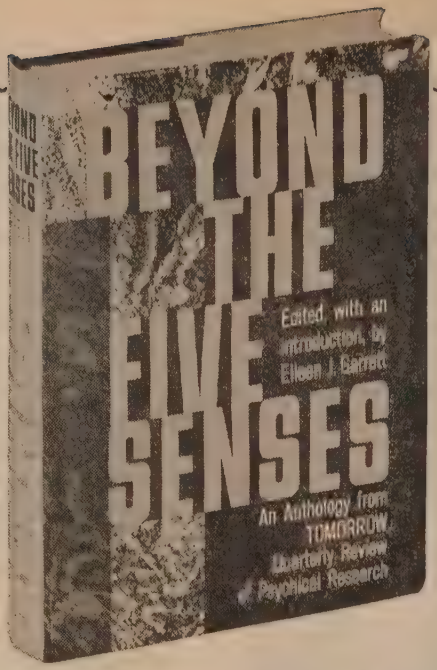

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The Editor-Publisher of TOMORROW pays tribute to the memory of an outstanding figure in international psychic research

AS I REMEMBER LYDIA ALLISON

Eileen J. Garrett

Mrs. Lydia W. Allison, Secretary and Assistant Treasurer of the American Society for Psychical Research, died in New York on March 25, at the age of 75. Mrs. Allison, whose work with the Society began nearly forty years ago, was a member of its Board of Trustees and Chairman of the Publications Committee for some two decades.

I FIRST met Lydia Allison at the British College of Psychic Science in the early twenties. She was then an active member of the American Society for Psychical Research; in this capacity, she visited Great Britain each year to undertake experiments with sensitives.

During these early encounters I began to feel that psychical research, to Lydia Allison, was motivated by a sincere personal credo. Whenever she entered a séance room, she brought with her a positive note. She smiled easily. Her large brown eyes met one with sincerity and good humor.

Her methods of exploring mediumship were strongly influenced by the essential humanity of her approach to the subject; the negativity of the obviously conservative researcher was missing—it was this, perhaps, that made her annual visits to the Brit-

ish College of Psychic Science something of an event.

Among the sensitives then active in London were Mrs. Osborne Leonard, Mrs. Annie Brittain, Mrs. Vickers, Mrs. Travers Smith (Mrs. Hester Dowden) and Mrs. Kathleen Barkel. All of them enjoyed working with Mrs. Allison and welcomed her scholarly approach to the complex problems of mediumship.

Lydia Allison became a close friend of my daughter and of myself. We had many amusing and interesting picnics on the banks of the Thames together. She also enjoyed the aces, especially Ascot.

When I first came to the United States, I was delighted to accompany Mrs. Allison to Boston, where she conducted experiments for members of the Boston Society for Psychic Research; many of these members I had previously met in London. After packing her dog into the car, which was a veritable office-on-wheels, Lydia Allison would drive us competently and pleasantly from New York to Boston.

The hours of conversation that took place during these drives covered a variety of fields. She brought a sincere devotion to all she undertook, and was especially interested in art.

I never felt that there was the slightest self-delusion in Mrs. Allison's approach to mediumship. Hers was an unusual and intensely individual relationship to a historic subject; she maintained a strong loyalty to the memory of distinguished psychic researchers, many of whom she had known and with many of whom she had worked.

During one of my earlier visits to Duke University, she took time from her busy life to attend the then new studies in extra-sensory perception developed by Professor William McDougall, who was instrumental in setting up the University's Parapsychology Laboratory.

Among those who thought most highly of her as a researcher was Dr. John F. Thomas who obtained a doctorate at Duke on the basis of his parapsychological studies. In his book *Beyond Normal Cognition* (Boston, 1937), he paid particular tribute to Mrs. Allison's painstaking collaboration. In collaboration with Mrs. Muriel Hankey, now Principal of the College of Psychic Science, London, Mrs. Allison enabled Dr. Thomas to complete his evaluative and methodological study of the mental content of trance phenomena.

St. Paul's vision of Christ, a key event in Christian history, may have been caused by psychological or paranormal factors

ON THE ROAD TO DAMASCUS

George Zorab

The Apostle Paul occupies a key position in the development of Christianity. His missionary zeal implanted the Christian faith in the Near East, the Mediterranean area generally and on the European Continent. Yet, in his earlier life, Paul had been a strong opponent of Christ's teachings. The complete reversal of his belief can be traced, through Biblical sources, to a single overwhelming event: Paul's blinding vision of Christ, on the road to Damascus.

On the following pages, Mr. Zorab (who contributed "The Resurrection: A Psychical Analysis" to TOMORROW, *Summer, 1954) traces this experience in the life of Paul the Apostle to its Biblical origins. He then puts the question whether Paul's experience should be considered as "paranormal," in the modern parapsychological meaning of the word, or whether normal psychological causes may serve to explain the phenomenon that lent so much impetus to the spread of the Christian faith.*

ACCORDING to several modern New Testament scholars, the date of Jesus Christ's crucifixion was the year 29 A.D., when Pontius Pilate was Procurator of Judea, 25 to 36 A.D. After his

death on the cross, Jesus appeared to his disciples, showing them his resurrected body and convincing them that he really was the promised Messiah, the Son of God.

The Apostles and their friends then began to proclaim these tidings jubiliantly to all who would listen. In Jerusalem, and elsewhere in Palestine, groups of Jewish Christians banded together, believing that Jesus would soon return to overthrow the governments of men and to establish the Kingdom of God. It was believed that the end of the world and the resurrection of the dead were near at hand.

Orthodox Jews regarded these teachings as pure heresy; they violently opposed them, as, in their opinion, they were of a blasphemous nature. As a result, they attempted to stamp out this new belief. All over the country, followers of the crucified Jesus of Nazareth, said to be the Christ, were persecuted. One of the Jewish Zealots who fanatically endeavored to exterminate all who accepted the teachings of Jesus was a young man named *Saul of Tarsus*. This highly-strung young Pharisee, a tent-maker by trade but also educated as a Rabbi, undoubtedly was one of the chief persecutors of the first Christians at Jerusalem.

At this time, a holy man named Stephan also lived in Jerusalem. He championed the Christian cause; by his fervent admonitions and sermons he made many converts among the ecclesiastical and educated classes. But, one day, his adversaries combined in a group "and rushed upon him with one accord; and they cast him out of the city, and stoned him: and the witnesses laid down their garments at the feet of a young man named Saul. And they stoned Stephan, calling upon the Lord, and saying, 'Lord Jesus, receive my spirit.' And he kneeled down, and cried with a loud voice, 'Lord, lay not this sin to their charge.' And when he had said this, he fell asleep. And Saul was consenting to his death.

"And there arose on that day a great persecution against the church which was in Jerusalem; and they were all scattered abroad throughout the regions of Judea and Samaria, except the apostles. And devout men buried Stephen and made great lamentation over him. But Saul laid waste the church, entering into every house, and haling men and women, commited them to prison." (Acts Chap. 7: 57-60; 8: 1-3.)

Voice from Heaven

THOUGH the movement seemed to be beaten down at Jerusalem, the followers of Christ were successfully proclaiming the message in the cities of Samaria and other countries where Jewish settlements could be found. This steady expansion of "heretical ideas" was a continuous thorn in Saul's flesh. Energetic measures had to be taken, so he obtained writs ordering the synagogues of Damascus to permit him to take any man or woman into custody who was of "the Way" (Acts 9:2) and bring such persons as prisoners to Jerusalem to be judged. Saul hastened to Damascus. As he was nearing this town he met with that momentous experience which changed the course of his life.

He saw a vision and heard a voice, which identified itself as the voice of Jesus. Immediately after, he was found to be blind. He was taken to the house of a man named Judas, where he did not eat or drink for three days. On the third day, one of the Christians in Damascus, named Ananias, came to him. He laid his hands on Saul and prayed that his sight be restored. Saul's eyesight then returned, he arose, was baptized, took food and began to regain his strength.

He thus became a convert to Christianity; but he soon proved that his contribution was to be greater than that of the average follower of Christ. He became a truly dedicated worker and preacher for the new cause. He became the first Christian missionary to the peoples of Greece, Asia Minor and Rome, taking the message of Christianity outside the limits of the Jewish communities. To symbolize the "new man" he had become, he dropped the name Saul, meaning "asked (of God)," and took the Greek name Paul, meaning "the small one."

Thus, the visionary experience near Damascus changed the personal life of Saul, led to an important change in the direction and purposes of the early Christian church and turned out to be the first step in the growth of Christianity to its present position as the dominant religion, in terms of population, in the world.

Three Accounts

THE question that concerns us in this article is: what was the real nature of the experience, occurring about the year 31 A.D., that so suddenly and completely changed Saul, the Rabbi and persecutor of the church of Christ, into Paul the Apostle?

It is reported in three different places in the Book of Acts; it is referred to in five different places in the Epistles that Paul wrote to the various churches. Acts was writen about 75-80 A.D., about forty years after the event. The first account of the event is by the author of Acts, generally considered to be the physician, Luke, who also wrote the third gospel; the second and third accounts are descriptions quoted from sermons by Paul himself. Although the story is basically the same, there are contradictory details in the three versions that make it difficult to infer too much from the information available to us.

The first account is in Chapter Nine: "And as he [Saul] journeyed, it came to pass that he drew nigh unto Damascus: and suddenly there shone round about him a light out of heaven: and he fell upon the earth, and heard a voice saying unto him, 'Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?'

"And he said, 'Who art thou, Lord?' And he said, 'I am Jesus whom thou persecutest: but rise, and enter into the city, and it shall be told thee what thou must do.' And the men that journeyed with him stood speechless, hearing the voice, but beholding no man."

According to this version, Paul was the only one to see the light, while his travelling companions only heard the voice speaking. Thus, we might infer from this report that the vision of the light from heaven was of a purely subjective nature, in fact, a hallucination which Paul alone observed, whereas the voice would have been more objective, for those who were with Paul are said to have heard it.

"A Great Light"

IN the second version, in Acts 22: 6-10, the author of Acts records the words of Paul, speaking to the people in Jerusalem: "And it came to pass, that, as I made my journey, and drew nigh unto Damascus, about noon, suddenly there shone from heaven a great light round about me. And I fell unto the ground, and heard a voice saying unto me, 'Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?'. . . And they that were with me beheld indeed the light, but they heard not the voice of him that spake to me."

The third mention is made in Acts, Chapter 26, Verses 13-14, when Paul is defending himself before King Agrippa. Here he once more affirms that the light which brought about his conver-

sion was seen by all journeying with him: "At midday, O king, I saw on the way a light from heaven, above the brightness of the sun, shining round about me and them that journeyed with me. And when we were all fallen to the earth, I heard a voice saying unto me in the Hebrew language, 'Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?' "

It is clear that in some way or other the author of Acts wanted to stress the point that Paul's experience was by no means of a hallucinatory nature, but so real and objective that other persons could participate in it as well. In describing the experience as a collective one, it seems that he wished to show the reader that Paul was not suffering from a hallucination caused by the heat of the midday sun or exhaustion, for example. The ancients were well acquainted with the pranks to which our imaginations are liable, realizing that illusions and hallucinations often occur, making people see and hear what is not really there.

The reason for describing Paul's vision as at least partly a collective experience was to serve as explanation and justification; this was done in order to assure the reader that a supernatural intervention (the risen Lord himself) had induced Paul to change his outlook on life completely and to become a Christian.

But whether or not this experience was truly collective, thus raising the probability that it was not brought about by natural causes alone, is a question that is extremely difficult to answer with any degree of certainty.

Value of Ancient Records

ONE of the difficulties with which we have to cope in answering the above question is the historical value of the evidence of the narratives describing Paul's vision. Several Biblical authorities agree that the author of Acts cannot be regarded as a model of accuracy. Kirsopp Lake, in *The Beginnings of Christianity*, Vol. 5, by Lake & Jackson (London, 1920), for instance, writes: "Acts is probably based on early Greek and Aramaic documents, fully worked over by the editor of Acts. We can sometimes see that his sources told a rather different story. . . . Our only reason for ever doubting it is that for Lucas' first volume his main source—Marc—shows that he edited it so freely that the meaning was sometimes changed, and for his second volume [Acts] the Pauline epistles in-

dicate that the real course of events considerably differed from his account. The suggestion made is that a study of Lucas' editorial methods shows that he was capable of modifying his sources, and that the Pauline epistles show that his version of events is not wholly accurate."

The above quotation may also be applied to Paul's vision. There are important indications (Corinthians 15: 3-8; Acts 9: 27) to show that Paul was convinced that he had seen the resurrected Lord in the same manner as the Apostles—that is to say, as a living human figure and not only as a heavenly voice and light.

In order to explain the many discrepancies to be found in Acts, the Dutch theologian, Jan de Zwaan, has suggested in *The Harvard Theological Review*, No. XVII, that Acts was not completed by its author, but really represents a collection of notes. Using these notes as basic material, Luke, the author, probably intended to write the history of the early Christian Church, but for some reason never finished the work.

Such statements make it clear that Acts will not supply us with an account of Paul's momentous experience which would be trustworthy enough to serve as evidence in a modern parapsychological investigation, if a similar experience were reported as a contemporary occurrence. Nevertheless, Acts is the only account at our disposal which goes into the details of Paul's conversion. And so, if we want to find a plausible explanation of what occurred on the Damascus road, we must base our examination on Luke's version of the events, however inaccurate this may be.

Psychological or Paranormal?

THE problem confronting us in Paul's case may be formulated as follows: (a) Did Paul come in contact with a supernatural manifestation? Did the deceased Jesus of Nazareth contact Paul in the form of a spirit communication or some other means such as a "telepathic" message from the dead? If these questions were to be answered in the affirmative, Paul's experience could be regarded as of a *paranormal* or *psychic* character, belonging to the field of parapsychology. A contact between living and dead personalities is undoubtedly to be considered a paranormal event (*parapsychological explanation*).

(b) Are the narrated phenomena, on the other hand, to be

considered simply as fabrications of Paul's own mind, effected without the concurrence of any external spiritual agency? In other words, can what happened be explained by factors with which ordinary psychology is fully conversant and which may be termed *normal* factors (*psychological explanation*)?

The first hypothesis, presuming a communication between a living man and a deceased person of divine origin (the only paranormal or psychic hypothesis to be considered in the circumstances) is, *putting theological considerations aside for our purposes*, actually inadmissible as a possible explanation of Paul's conversion. The activity of a dead person is an extremely difficult thing to prove, if it can ever be proved. Parapsychological research of the last eighty years has made it abundantly clear that no such proof of a truly compelling nature is as yet forthcoming.

Paul had never met Jesus, when he was alive. Therefore, he could not identify the figure—if he perceived a figure—or the voice as that of Jesus. It is to be recalled that Paul asked the question, "Who art thou, Lord?" Also, from the standpoint of the parapsychologist, it is important that no knowledge previously unknown to the perceiver was received. Therefore, the possibility of E.S.P. (extra-sensory perception) from the dead to the living is be ruled out, for lack of supporting evidence.

The other feature that might be regarded as paranormal would be the objectivity of the light or the voice. Here again we have not the least certainty that the light and the voice seen and heard by Paul may be regarded as coming from an outside source. The accounts concerning these points are contradictory. We do not know whether the voice was an objective phenomena and the light not so, or vice versa. Try as hard as we can, it is practically impossible to force the Damascus experience into the paranormal strait jacket. This would seem to indicate that it is extremely unlikely that Paul's experience was the direct outcome of Jesus influencing the material world in order to contact Paul.

Significant After-effects

THE psychological hypothesis, on the other hand, rests on a far sounder basis than the parapsychological one. The psychological explanation can be supported by various modern cases

analogous to that of Paul's. Furthermore, purely psychological factors are all that need be postulated in order to cover the facts completely. Even from a psychological point of view, Paul's case would always have remained somewhat puzzling, if Acts had not supplied us with details about the after-effects from which Paul suffered. The series of symptoms described are so typical that they give us a clear indication of what went on in Paul's (subconscious) mind before and after his vision.

Another point against explaining these after-effects as accompaniments of a paranormal experience is the fact that in no single case of ostensible communication between the living and the dead (through apparitions, mediums, in dreams, etc.) have such Paulian after-effects ever been noted. No mention, for instance, is made of them in the various cases of the resurrected Lord appearing to his disciples and other followers. A very significant fact, in my opinion.

Now, what happened to Paul directly after he had perceived the Christophany on the Damascus road? In Acts 9: 8-9 we read: "And Saul arose from the earth; and when his eyes were opened, he saw nothing; and they led him by the hand and brought him into Damascus. And he was three days without sight, and did neither eat nor drink."

Ananias (Acts 9: 10-19), a Christian living in Damascus and acting as Christ's emissary, then came to Paul, laid his hands on him: ". . . . . and straightway there fell from his eyes as it were scales, and he received his sight; and he arose and was baptized; and he took food and was strengthened."

From the very beginning there was nothing organically the matter with Paul's eyes. He could not have been blinded by the brilliancy of the light he is said to have perceived (if he saw a light at all), for, according to Acts 9: 3-8 this light was of a non-physical nature as it remained invisible to Paul's travelling companions. And if the light had indeed been physical as is suggested by the accounts in Acts 22: 6-10 and Acts 26: 13-14, then why did it not blind those journeying with Paul as these also saw it?

Symptoms of "Hysterical Blindness"

AFTER three days the blindness suddenly left Paul. Now, these symptoms are typical for what the modern psychiatrist

would term "hysterical blindness," and have to be regarded as symbolizing a change of situation which proved to be of the greatest significance to Paul's personality.

What in all probability did this blindness *during three days* signify to Paul? What was it meant to symbolize? In the Epistle to the Galatians, written about 47-48 A.D., Paul himself gives us an indication of what may have been the meaning of his three days blindness. In Galatians 2: 19-20 he writes: "For I through the law died unto the law that I might live unto God. I have been crucified with Christ; yet I live. . ."

The rabbi, Saul of Tarsus, died on the road to Damascus. The blindness that befell Paul during three days was meant to symbolize the darkness of the grave, cutting off the dead man from the living world of light. Again, the cessation of the functions of life is symbolized by Paul not partaking of food and drink during that time. After three days (the time-interval the ancients deemed necessary to allow the soul to separate itself completely from the body; if Jesus had appeared to his disciples within 24 hours after his Crucifixion and burial his contempories would not have believed that he was really and truly dead) Saul was resurrected in Christ, a new man, a new spirit, symbolized by the fact that his eyesight was restored to him and that he started to eat and drink. Saul identified himself with Christ Jesus. Even as the Crucified, he too (symbolically) died, was buried and raised again on the third day.

It is difficult to believe that this symbolic drama could have been originated by the risen Lord when he appeared to the persecutor of his followers. It is therefore, from a psychological point of view, far more probable that for some time prior to his trip to Damascus, Paul had been in the clutches of a religious conflict that came to a head in the neighbourhood of Damascus. It is quite possible that Paul was already, though subconsciously, inclining to the appeal of the Christian message and was desirous of joining the followers of the new faith.

This was brought to a head by his witness of the manner in which Stephen spoke up and died for his belief in the Lord Jesus, Acts, Chaps. 6 and 7. But Paul's waking consciousness, born and bred in the zealous observance of the Jewish Law, resisted such an apostasy with all its might. It was

probably this inner conflict that incited Paul to persecute the Christians more and more violently, in order to prove to himself that the Old Way was the only right one, and the New Way false and blasphemous.

"A Call from Heaven Itself"

IN a man like Paul such a struggle could not be decided by intellectual reasoning and persuasion alone. The only way in which Paul's conscious self could allow itself to yield was by supernatural agency, by a call from Heaven itself. Paul's subliminal self took the necessary steps therefore and projected the vision of the semblance of the risen Lord, or whatever Paul beheld during his experience. Paul's superliminal self could now lay down its arms without loss of honor, for one has simply to obey such a summons from the very heavens. And so Paul could surrender himself, body and soul, to the new cause, and by so doing took the first step on the road that was to radically change the course of religious history throughout the world.

From the religious standpoint it matters little whether Paul's conversion was brought about by the direct intervention of the resurrected Lord, or by the successful machinations of Paul's own subconsciousness. It is the ultimate result that counts.

Thus, whether or not this event can be interpreted as a truly paranormal break through the barrier separating the living and the dead, it remains as one of the most outstanding examples of a conversion, with momentous after-effects, in religious history.

Mystery of the Resurrection

THE EASTER ENIGMA. An essay on the Resurrection with special reference to the data of psychical research. By Michel C. Perry. London: Faber & Faber. 1958. 255 pages.

AS far as I know, Reverend Perry is the first theologian to approach the events connected with the Resurrection of Jesus Christ, as narrated in the Gospels, armed with a substantial knowledge of the material assembled by modern psychical research. In this book, he searches for analogies between what tradition assures us happened twenty centuries ago in Palestine and the

reports gathered by psychical researchers in the last eighty years.

Rev. Perry is to be congratulated for this scholarly, cautious and, I believe, courageous attempt to throw more light on the extremely complex problem of the Resurrection. He refers to what he regards as sufficiently proven paranormal phenomena of the mental type, seeking to determine whether such verification might persuade the skeptics to alter their doubts about the reality of Jesus' Resurrection from the dead. I hope that Rev. Perry's views, as set forth in this book, will induce theologians and parapsychologists to cross-criticize their own theories, so that the way may be cleared for a thorough discussion of the Easter enigma in all its diverse aspects.

The author reviews the Resurrection narratives and states what he believes to be the authentic facts: Jesus' tomb had been sealed and guarded, angels appeared near and about the tomb, Christophanies (appearances of the risen Christ) occurred to various disciples, men and women, the tomb was found empty and, after forty days, Jesus ascended into the heavens. Rev. Perry then outlines the various hypotheses which have been formulated in the course of the last two centuries to explain the Resurrection events in a natural way. The two principal ones are: (a) the "apparent death" hypothesis (that Jesus was not actually dead), and (b) the hypothesis that the appearances of the risen Lord were really hallucinations, projected by the percipients in a state of exaltation and fervent expectation.

He then proceeds to discuss the paranormal hypotheses. The first idea, advanced by various spiritualistic writers and their sympathizers, is that Jesus was materialized by means of the mediumistic powers of one or more persons. The writer—rightly so, I think—rejects this hypothesis as insufficiently supported by parapsychological research.

The author regards cases of so-called veridical apparitions of the dead as so well-evidenced that they can be used as comparative material. Though the Christophanies may have looked very material to the apostles and other percipients, Rev. Perry nevertheless believes that what was seen must be conceived as built up of "mind stuff"—as immaterial, that is, as our thoughts.

As a matter of fact, the veridical apparations of the living, the dying and the dead, as investi-

gated by parapsychologists, seem to be immaterial, non-physical entities. Such apparitions are sometimes collectively perceived and appear to possess the material properties of physical objects.

Telepathically Induced . . ."

IN Rev. Perry's opinion, the Christophanies and various similar happenings should be regarded as telepathically induced by the discarnate Jesus. According to this view, the apostles did not come into bodily contact with the risen Lord, but the latter acted as a telepathic agent, influencing the disciples in such a way that they projected the apparitional form of their Master.

A modern analogy to this event, for example, would be that of a dying son sending a telepathic impulse across thousands of miles to his mother, who picks up the message and translates it, so to say, into a projected apparition of her son. Such cases are known as "crisis apparitions." The difficulty here, however, is that it is practically impossible to prove that an apparition of a dead person is really veridical—meaning that the dead person was actively engaged in producing the apparition.

On the other hand, quite a lot of evidence can be brought forward to show that, in most cases of crisis apparitions, the agent's role is negligible, and that the percipient is the active one in the process of generating the apparition. This may also have been the case when the appearances of Jesus made the apostles believe that they had seen and spoken to Christ, raised from the dead.

Rev. Perry is unable to account for the empty tomb. It is a unique feature; no parallel case can be found in parapsychological literature of a corpse being spirited away into thin air, as narrated in the Gospels. The *historical* evidence however, is, as Rev. Perry believes, powerful. Therefore, he prefers to suspend judgment as to whether the empty tomb episode should be regarded as "a miracle, without precedent and unrepeated," or as one of those cases which, in a not-too-distant future, will be shown to belong to the domain of parapsychology.

There is one further point that I would like to note. According to Rev. Perry, the apostles did not believe that Jesus would be raised from the dead, for "the Resurrection was a fact which had to be forced upon them."

It seems to me that this view is not wholly consistent with the sealing and guarding of the tomb.

The idea that Jesus might be raised from the dead must have been widely circulated in Jerusalem, so that it impressed the priests sufficiently that they considered it necessary to have the grave sealed and guarded, in order to prevent any tampering and to give the lie to the Nazarene's clique.

I think that it is reasonable to presume that either the disciples were fervently expecting their Master to be resurrected (and this rumor got about), making the surveillance of the tomb a logical procedure, or that the disciples had no such hopes, in which case there would have been no need to have the sepulchre watched. *G. Z.*

Biblical Miracles

A Book Review by Sherman Yellen

THE BIBLE AS PSYCHIC HISTORY. By Rev. G. Maurice Elliott. London: Rider and Company. 1959. 165 pp.

"IF mystical, magical, and mysterious things were constantly happening in Bible days, why do they not happen today; or, if they do, why is there a conspiracy of silence about them?"

G. Maurice Elliott, Honorary Secretary of the Churches' Fellowship for Psychical Study, has addressed this question to the readers of his new book, and has set himself the job of answering it. Rev. Elliott describes himself as a "critic of the Church's centuries-old neglect of Our Lord's injunction to 'Heal the Sick,' and of her guilty ignorance of modern psychic science." In *The Bible as Psychic History,* he concentrates mainly upon the last part of his critique, attempting to prove that the miraculous has not disappeared from modern life, but has been misunderstood and ignored by most laymen and pastoral authorities. Thus, Biblical miracles do not lack their modern parallels, and it is the duty of organized religion to understand both the ancient miracle worker and his twentieth century counterpart.

Rev. Elliott boldly challenges the "conspiracy of silence" which seeks to make the Bible respectable in modern rationalistic terms. For him, removing the psychic content from the Bible, through translation and interpretation, has created an untenable position for the Church, in which it is no longer able to explain or understand the very mysteries it teaches. He states that this error has a long history in Church affairs, originating with "old translators knowing little of psychic phenomena (who) did unwittingly, but inevitably, misunderstand, mistranslate and misinterpret certain passages of Holy Writ." And these passages, Rev. Elliott explains, are concerned with mysteries of psychic origin.

Abraham, Moses as Seers

THUS, the major part of this work is concerned with Rev. Elliott's efforts to retranslate and reinterpret the Bible text as a psychic document. His intimate knowledge of the Bible tales, together with a remarkable feeling for the spirit and the significance of the original text, makes for vivid recreation of the lives of the patriarchs, prophets, and apostles.

We read of an Abraham whose psychic gift is revealed through the precognitive finding of Rebekah (Rebecca) for his son Isaac, and thus, the founding of the great tribes of Israel. Joseph's gift of translating dreams as prophecy, responsible for his choice by Pharoah as his Chief Minister, is revealed as a God-given source of strength. The much-maligned Witch of Endor is interpreted with fresh insight as a beneficient medium; the powers of Moses as a seer, and those precursors of St. Joan—Deborah and Joshua—are imbued with psychic importance.

However, it is not the actual psychic events themselves, but the moral within them, that concerns Rev. Elliott. For he asserts that faith, in Biblical times, was derived from the evidence and the exercise of psychic powers.

The very name of God, according to Rev. Elliott, has many translations and interpretations; thus, the Bible is not a rigid document carved in unbreakable stone, but a tract open to constant re-evaluation through new insights. If words may be retranslated, the very ideas which they convey must be reconsidered. And those who do so today, are obliged to recognize the achievement of modern Bible scholarship and the laws of nature.

However, Dr. Elliott reminds us, "No one knows the full meaning of natural law. So far, we have only discovered a few physical laws, a few psychical laws, and a few spiritual laws. These laws are found to be natural."

Thus the spirit of Rev. Elliott's book is that of liberal inquiry, and the reader may be expected to raise a number of probing questions.

First, there is the important question, what *is* the Bible? A report of actual historical events? A symbolic or ethical doctrine? Or an anthropological curiosity? Many feel that it is a combination in varying degrees of all these. However, before one can comment about it, he must somehow determine where he stands on this question.

Dr. Elliott states, "I am not concerned with the historical accuracy of any of these miracles as I am concerned to show that they are essentially psychic as well as religious stories and that they can only be understood and appreciated by those who have a knowledge of psychic phenomena."

However, if one takes the view that the Bible stories are not accurately reported, one may find it difficult to assume that the psychic content is real.

In his approach to this question of the Bible's accuracy, Rev. Elliott assumes varying positions. In one section he expresses gratitude to Bible scholars who have shown us how the Bible can be understood as an anthropological document, altered by the forces of history. But elsewhere we are advised that our idea of God (revealed through the Bible) can be accepted or rejected, but cannot be changed. Thus, Dr. Elliott indicates a conflict between his own liberal and fundamentalist views.

Still Under Investigation

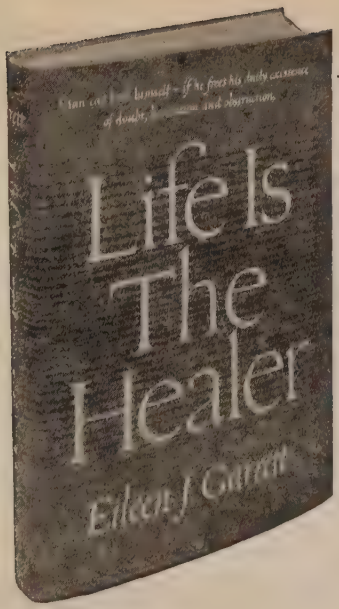
THE author, in his evaluation of modern psychic phenomena, tends toward overstatement; he cites examples of modern psychic phenomena as proven cases, whereas many are still under investigation, and others have been abandoned as unproveable. For example, he quotes Charles Richet's statement on Eusapia Palladino, the famous Italian sensitive, as if it were an unchallenged fact: "All men of science, without exception, who experimented with her, were in the end convinced that she produced genuine phenomena." Actually, controversy still exists about some of her demonstrations, although she has been dead for forty years.

Commenting upon Sir Walter Crookes' photographs of Florence Cook, the sensitive, together with Katie King, her alleged materialization, the author writes: "Think of it! The great scientist photographed the living and the 'living dead' together."

Rev. Elliott tends to mix spiritualism's unproven wonders with the subject of psychic research, as in this passage: "Those who have watched the invisible become visible in materialized form and then gradually disappear and vanish, heard the 'Direct Voice,' seen the 'automatist' at work and witnessed other equally astounding psychical miracles, are able to view the Bible miracles in an altogether new and revealing light."

Thus the backbone material of modern parapsychology—ESP, telepathy, hypnosis and psychology—are not fruitfully introduced into the thesis of the book; instead, they are often brought forward with an innocence which permits Rev. Elliott to write, "Telepathy is a well-established phenomenon and it may be doubted whether any reputable man of science would deny it." Unfortunately, the recognition or rejection of telepathy is still part of the battle being fought by many reputable scientists today.

These flaws in *The Bible as Psychic History* may mar the book, but they do not destroy its importance. Rev. Elliott may be accused of over-enthusiasm, but not of cowardice or intellectual sterility. He has accomplished much in this small book, and, like the psychic David of whom he writes, has taken on a mighty Goliath of his own, armed with the sling-shot of wit, bravery and erudition. He has shown how the modern theologian may reawaken the spiritual truths of the past, through a willingness to recognize the scientific explorations of the present.



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How could the rough and tumble existence of an escape artist be guarded against accident and danger — by a white insect?

MOTH OF DESTINY

Stuart Burford
as told to C. V. Tench

AS a young man, I made a very good living as an escape artist. Trained by the great Houdini himself, my specialty was escaping from manacles, sealed bags, and nailed-up boxes, above ground, under ground, and under water.

As for the moth, it came into my life in Kingston, Jamaica. This was one of the stops on my road tour that took me to many parts of the world. To advertise our show, on the day of our arrival the manager arranged for me to dive off the top deck of the ship into the Caribbean. I would be manacled hand and foot, of course, and would free myself under water.

The chief of Kingston's police locked on the leg irons and handcuffs. Then, looked down at the hundreds of cheering spectators on deck and dock, I prepared to dive. Too late I saw, beneath the water, the black shape of a shark just beneath the surface. It was invisible to the others.

This meant that, if I dived, I would have twenty seconds of helplessness during which the shark could attack. It took that long to free myself. I dived. As I flashed downward, I saw a young native leap from a lower deck.

We stuck the water together, and while I began freeing myself the boy attacked the shark. Time and time again the monster tried to seize him but each time the youth dodged, all the while slashing and stabbing with his knife. Seconds later, in a flurry of blood-

ied foam, the young native, myself and the dead shark surfaced, to a tremendous roar of approval from the onlookers.

Enter: Chiquita Gallardito

THIS was wonderful advertising for our show, for the local newspapers devoted columns to the event. My name was on everyone's lips. Each night hundreds were turned away from the theatre where we appeared. And that evening, at the end of the first show, I was told that a young lady wished to see me. As she was ushered into my dressing-room, I doubted that I had ever seen a lovelier girl. She must have been around twenty and with a figure that was perfection. Her large lustrous dark eyes revealed her Spanish ancestry, her blue-black hair being gathered into heavy perfumed coils by a large serrated comb.

She told me that she was the daughter of a wealthy planter and that her name was Chiquita Gallardito. She added that she and her mother were extremely interested in mysticism. After witnessing my escape from the shark and my stage performance, they were convinced that I possessed mystic powers. She ended by inviting me to dinner. Her mother proved to be an equally beautiful woman of about forty. Both she and Chiquita fascinated me.

After an excellent meal we adjoined to the veranda. There Chiquita and her mother were charmingly attentive and insisted, despite my denials, that it required more than manual skill to perform my escape stunts: I must have occult aid.

Then, during a momentary lull in the conversation, I sensed a soft flapping about my head, yet I could see nothing.

"It could be your spirit moth," Chiquita's mother smiled as she told me. "You possess extraordinary psychic gifts, which explains why you have emerged unharmed from so many perils. Your guardian spirit maintains eternal vigilance."

"Me psychic?" I smiled. "No. My escapes are effected by using means it took me years and years of strenuous training to perfect. There was nothing psychic about the native boy who saved me from the shark."

"No, but it was your guardian spirit that told the boy to look down at the water when everyone else was looking up at you, and then to dive to your aid," Chiquita insisted gravely.

The White Moth

AND then we saw the moth; a white one. Chiquita explained that its psychic powers would be just as potent were it

dead and asked me if I would like to keep it as a good luck charm. Upon my assenting she killed it by impaling it on a jewelled pin from her hair.

We examined it curiously. Its body was about three inches long and as thick as Chiquita's little finger. Its wing spread was just over six inches and on its head was a clear impression of a skull and crossbones. To me it looked like an ordinary "death's head" moth found in various parts of the world, but Chiquita and her mother insisted that it was a psychic insect.

Packing it carefully in a small box, Chiquita slipped it into a pocket of my jacket.

"Never let that box out of your possession as long as you live," she pleaded earnestly.

I promised, although believing that was the end of the moth business. Actually, it was only the beginning.

Before leaving, I arranged with Chiquita to meet her outside the theatre after the show the next evening. Emerging on to the street I looked around for her. Suddenly there was a flash and two shots sounded. The next thing I knew, Chiquita was tugging at my arm.

"Quickly!" she urged breathlessly. Bewilderedly I climbed into her car. Not until we had driven some distance did I find my tongue.

"But why?" I asked.

"It was a young man whose attentions I have spurned," Chiquita answered. " He is insanely jealous. Only the moth saved you."

"Or perhaps he's a poor shot," I smiled.

"He is an expert shot," Chiquita assured me earnestly, "and he was but a few feet from you. No, it was the moth. Since your escape from the shark, and the way you free yourself from boxes, sacks, and manacles on the stage, everyone knows that you are protected by some mystic power, but others do not know about the moth. Never let it out of your possession."

Two Bullets Missed Their Mark

I thought about it quite a lot that night after Chiquita had dropped me at my hotel. Could I really be protected by some occult power? It was beginning to seem so, for the next morning, on my way to rehearsal, I was stopped by a tall, well-built young Spaniard with burning dark eyes.

"Last night, Señor Burford," he told me, "I fired two shots at you, for you have taken Chiquita from me. I am an expert shot; I never miss. Those two bullets must have gone right through you. But obvisously you are protected by some strange power, so it is useless for me to make future effort to kill you."

Bowing low, he turned and strode off down the street, leaving me staring after him open-mouthed.

Two days later, a Sunday, Chiquita and her mother took me sight-seeing. As we drove along by the sea we noticed a funnel-shaped black cloud revolving in a spiral.

"Tornado!" Chiquita exclaimed, as the vortex roared toward us, ripping off roofs aud uprooting trees. When the centre of the small cyclone was barely two hundred yards distant, seeing that she could not out-distance it, Chiquita stopped the car and the three of us dived into a ditch.

The screaming of the wind and and sound of rending timbers almost deafened us, and then a corrugated iron roof came hurtling directly toward where we huddled. It buried itself in the earth barely two feet from us.

Presently, when the tornado had passed and the only sounds were the cries of the injured and the crackling of flames from burning buildings, we clambered back to the wreckage-strewn highway.

"Now," Chiquita said, clasping my hand, "can you deny the power of the moth? It saved us all from the roof."

I could only agree thankfully.

Two weeks later our company sailed for Canada. The others had somehow come to know about what they called the "spirit moth" and I was kidded about it a lot.

I was in my cabin one day writing letters when Stanley Ward, the comedian of our show, came in and started kidding me afresh about the insect. For a time we exchanged light banter, then, taking the box containing the insect from a drawer, I said smilingly: "Lay off, Stan, and let me finish these letters, or I'll 'spirit moth' you."

With that I playfully waved the box in his face. Stepping back hurriedly, Ward stumbled against the high door sill and sprawled on his back on the deck outside. White-faced he lay there, making no effort to get up. As I leaned over him concernedly he gasped: "No fault of yours, Stu, but damn that moth. I've broken my right hip."

Examination revealed that he had.

"Your Old Hoodoo Insect . . ."

ARRIVED in Canada, we settled down to a four-week run in Montreal. At the end of the night's show, a few days after we had opened, Arnold White, a member of our company, came into my dressing-room.

"Well, Stu," he said, "despite your blessed 'spirit moth' we're doing okay. You don't really believe all this nonsense about its having psychic powers, do you?

You just fell for a pretty girl. Here's what I think of the thing."

Grabbing the box holding the moth, which lay on my dressing table, he flung it into a corner.

Although angered, without a word, I retrieved it and went on removing make-up.

The next morning Arnold White turned up for rehearsal so hopelessly drunk he was fired on the spot.

For some time after that no other member of the company made any mention of the moth. And then Arthur Heaps, our magician, burst into my dressing room to tell me that he had just received a good offer from New York.

"So that for your old hoodoo insect," he laughed, picking up the box containing the moth and stuffing it down the back of my shirt.

I congratulated him and laughed with him as I fished it out.

But Heaps never filled his New York contract. The next morning we were notified that he had been found dead in his bed, apparently from an overdose of veronal. Whether he had deliberately committed suicide or had taken too many sleeping pills accidentally was never decided, but from then on I kept the box holding the moth out of sight, so that other members of the company would not touch it even playfully.

Saved in a Tornado

OUR Montreal engagement concluded, we started travelling west, playing at all the larger centers. Eventually we reached Regina, Saskatchewan, in the heart of Western Canada's grain growing area and a region noted for its hail and thunder storms and cyclones in summertime, and terrible blizzards in the winter.

As Sunday shows are not allowed in Western Canada, our first Sunday at Regina, three other male members of the cast and I went for a drive out into the country. It being late summer we were fascinated by the vast fields of golden grain extending for mile after mile, something none of us had ever seen before.

And then Reg Fife, who was driving, suddenly exclaimed:

"Look at that cloud. Do they have tornados in these parts?"

We stared. As at Jamaica, I saw a huge black, yellow-tinged cloud revolving in a spiral, bearing down upon us. It was tearing a wide swath through the grain fields, leaving the ground bare. Next we heard its voice, a terrific whistling roar.

Remembering the horror of Jamaica, I shouted to the others:

"Stop! Into the ditch! Quick!"

Reg stopped, then shouted above the uproar: "No. That won't help us. I'll turn around and we'll run for it."

"You can't equal its speed," I cried. "Quick! Into the ditch!" With these words I jumped out of the car and dived into the eight-foot-deep ditch beside the road.

I watched Reg turn the car, saw him start to speed away, and then the cyclone was upon us in a shrieking cloud of dust and blackness. Face down I clung desperately to the botton of the ditch. I felt the wind sucking at me, almost tearing off my clothes, but it was passing over the ditch crosswise which prevented its lifting me up.

It passed as rapidly as it came and presently I got to my feet and, choking in the dust that still beclouded everything, scrambled up to the roadway and began walking back to town.

They found Reg Fife and my other two companions the next morning. All were dead. Apparently they had been caught right in the center of the tornado, had been sucked up high into its vortex then spewed out almost a half-mile distant. The car looked as if it had been dealt numerous blows with a giant sledge hammer.

Was I the "Psychic Moth?"

AFTER that I never mentioned the moth to anybody. I kept it until it finally disintegrated. Yet even after that I seemed to be afforded its protection. Although I continued risking my life daily in my chosen profession, I never suffered even a broken bone.

Possibly I was not protected by the power of this alleged "psychic moth," but rather by the more familiar power of my own human psychology. Throughout history, in every country, men and women have believed in the power of some charm, religious medal, or amulet to bring luck. Such beliefs have been called superstitious, but it is possible that these superstitions can protect us from harm.

Modern psychology has revealed that it is often our attitude which determines the outcome, the success or failure of an individual. Feeling that we are protected may steel our confidence and permit us to be successful. My growing belief in the power of the moth may have helped me to act boldly and confidently in emergencies. By believing in the moth I was able to put aside all those fears which mean danger and possible failure in an adventurer's life.

But how can one explain the negative power of the moth, which seemed to bring harm to those who mocked it? Perhaps this, too, is more than coincidence, but psychology seems to offer no real answer. The failure to believe and trust in an amulet should not lead to bad luck and ill fortune. But in the case of those who scof-

fed at my protective "psychic moth" could their derisive laughter have been the result of their own fear of the future, a fear which contributed to their unfortunate fates?

Until science seriously explores the effects of charms and amulets upon the lives of believers, we shall never know the answer to such happenings. I have merely related what I think to be an interesting sequence of circumstances which suggest more than mere "coincidence."

Perhaps stranger things have happened, but never before—nor since—to me!

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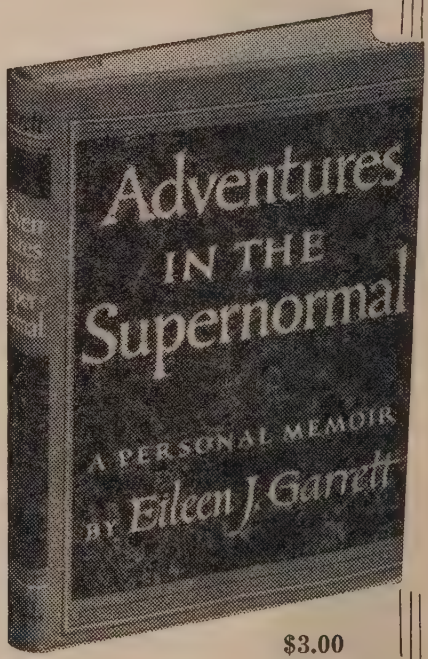

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Do all men, under varying circumstances, desire their own death, because their souls anticipate an existence that lies beyond?

"IF A MAN DIE..."

Rupert Gleadow

WE have all, at some time or other, heard someone say: "I wish I were dead!" Once, indeed, during World War II, I was standing with an acquaintance on the roof of a building four or five stories high, when he made this remark. He did not appear to be in any noticeable mental distress; he simply expressed a preference for being dead.

The parapet, as it happened, was less than two feet, and there was a sheer fall. "Why don't you take a dive?" I asked. "You'll be all right so long as you go head first." But he refused my encouragement.

"You see," I pursued, perhaps rather unkindly, "you're not sincere."

He claimed that he was, but our discussion was interrupted by a buzz in the sky. It was a flying-bomb, and we looked to see if it was coming our way. We thought not. The motor cut out, there was a short silence, then an explosion in which presumably several people were killed. I forebore to ask my companion if he thought they were lucky; we simply gave one another a baleful glance and went indoors to resume our work.

How far was I right to accuse him of insincerity? The wish to

be dead can feel desperately sincere. On the other hand it seems quite fair to say that a man's actions are based on his paramount desire, and although he may have other and conflicting desires, the one upon which he acts is the strongest by demonstration. Hence, if a man makes no attempt to commit suicide, the wish for life is still stronger than the wish for death. But what is it in us that wishes for death?

Language Inadequate

IF you read the *Dialogues* of Plato in Greek, or the philosophizings of ancient Egyption thinkers in the Egyptian, you cannot help being struck by the fact that their language does not seem to be adequate to express their thoughts. Plato was forced to invent some queer turns of phrase, and the Egyptian thinkers were obliged to use a language that had hardly any abstract nouns at all.

So, it is not so odd if our own language also turns out to be deficient. And I want to suggest that the word which causes more confusion than any other is the little word "I." We think we know what we mean by this word, so we do not analyze it. In consequence we identify "I" indiscriminately with the ability to think ("I am adding up figures"), or with emotion ("I am angry"), or with the body ("I have a stomachache"). So when a number of conflicting desires arise, all of them are labeled "I."

G. N. M. Tyrrell, a past president of the London Society for Psychical Research, wrote a book on this subject, called *Grades of Significance*. In it he pointed out that the analysis of the molecular structure of copper sulphate is not invalidated by its further analysis into the atoms of copper and sulphur, nor by the still further analysis of these atoms into their constituent protons and electrons. Different grades of significance are simultaneously valid.

So too with our minds. The death wish can be sincere, but the life wish can also exist at the same time. If we want to understand the possible nature of human immortality, we need to investigate the different grades of significance of our different desires and feelings. So long as we allow any feeling we have to be indiscriminately labeled "I," we really stand no chance of understanding either ourselves or the possible nature of immortality.

From this it follows that what we so readily call "I" is not really

the nucleus of our being; it is simply the focus of our attention. If we want to learn to feel our immortality we must learn to change the focus of our attention at will.

Disappearing Patient

AS an example of this, at one time I used to go to a dentist who was rather fussy about keeping his fingers dry. For this reason he would do nothing without inserting into the patient's mouth two or three rolls of cotton-wool. As it happens, I dislike this so much that my body easily responds with a sudden contraction of the throat; and that makes it impossible for the dentist to work. So I said to my dentist: "Don't speak to me while you're working, and then I shall be able to leave my body and go for a walk in the garden that my wife and I have made down by the river."

The dentist soon found me the perfect patient. The body remained completely relaxed and motionless in the chair for twenty minutes or more, and when he had finished he would ask: "Did that hurt?"

"No," I would answer, "should it have?"

In doing this I did not go into a trance or become unconscious of the body: I simply transferred the "I," the focus of attention, elsewhere. My wife did so on one occasion in an even more remarkable way.

We woke one morning to find ourselves in one another's arms, in a state I can only describe as being a deep, sleepily blissful feeling. We remembered that we had to get up at eight o'clock without fail, but the watch that we usually kept within reach had been forgotten the night before. What time was it? We were really far too comfortable to move, so my wife, as she described it afterwards, "fought her way out of her body," through the closed door into the hall, went as far as the clock there, and said in my ear: "It's ten to eight."

"Thank goodness," I murmured.

Sure enough, the clock struck eight some minutes later, and we hauled ourselves out of bed with an immense effort.

A curious detail in this case was that my wife had no impression of seeing the clock visually; she made her way to it, and then knew. But who was the "I" which "fought its way out"? Patently not the body. But are we much wiser if we call it the "soul" or the "mind"? It is difficult not to be hazy about the meaning of those

words, and their relation to the real self.

The Pet "Sore Subject"

WE all grant readily enough that mental automatisms are not the real self. We have noticed in our own minds mechanisms which seem to work on their own, without effort and without freewill; they may be set off, just as pressing a button may start a piece of clockwork, by the mere mention of a sore subject, such as Communism, or vivisection. As soon as the sore subject is mentioned, one becomes suffused with resentment. But because the resentment is enjoyable we decide to accept and indulge it; and so, for some minutes or hours, we are carried along on the merry-go-round of a mere piece of mental machinery. Resentment is only one of these fairground toys; another is sexual fantasy, another, ambitious daydreams, and so on.

When the button is pressed, we perceive the opportunity to indulge in these dreams, or the alternative possibility of withdrawing attention from them. Thus, there are grades of significance even in our minds—as men have often proved by dying for a cause.

Hence it seems possible that, when one man says: "I am sure I am not immortal," and another retorts: "Well I'm sure that I am," both may be speaking the truth. The former by "I," means the body and what we may call the "physical personality"—with its cares for food, self-preservation, pleasure; the latter, by "I," means the "informing spirit," which often makes the important decisions in life, often without the personality noticing its presence—for we sometimes become aware of having made a decision, but we don't know why we did so.

So, if we want to be rational about immortality, we must analyze ourselves. Some like to believe that the personality will survive, even including such tastes as a love of cats or of geraniums. Others assume that such things will simply fall away. But there must be a central spark of life or power which makes experience possible for itself, and the traditional aim of all schools of spiritual training is to teach the personality how to become and remain conscious of the contact of its own inner self.

Contradictory Emotions

THIS is made difficult by complexes, and by moral or timid compulsions about "must" and "must not," with corresponding

"demon circuits" which switch on the red and green lights of emotion without being asked. And what we call "I" is simply the focus of attention which is attracted here and there by the flashing lights of emotion, the urges of the body and the atempt to understand life.

Thus it is quite possible for the "mind"—that warehouse of unsorted goods and rubbish—to contain at the same time quite flatly contradictory emotions and computations, which arise from different levels of sinificance. As an example, the death wish, found in the "warehouse" by that famous explorer of the mind, Sigmund Freud, has been denounced as impossible by some, on the grounds that we all want to survive. But, once we start to analyze ourselves, is this invariably true?

It is probably too much to assume that, not only may the body have a generalized self-consciousness, but also each several organ. It seems that the local consciousness of the heart cannot wish to stop beating. If this is true, there cannot be a death wish on that level.

On the other hand, we know quite well that there sometimes is a death wish—either when the body is too damaged to survive for more than a few hours, or when the person is too unhappy to care to live longer. These are quite different forms of death wish. The second type is under the influence of the emotional level of our being; if this prevails against reason and intuition, and the feeling is allowed to continue, the result might well be suicide. In the first case it may be that the generalized consciousness of the body realizes it cannot keep the machinery going, and accepts its dissolution quite gladly. For it is hard to suppose that the body-consciousness is, after all these millions of years, ignorant of its own mortality, or in any way in revolt against it.

Emotional, Reasonable or Subconscious

THERE can, then, be a death wish of the body, and a death wish of the emotions. There can also be a death wish of the reasoning faculty, when a besieged soldier, or a criminal, decides that death is the only way of avoiding something worse. In such a case the reasoning faculty overrules both body and emotions, which would like to survive; for the appearance of a death wish does not put an end to the life wish.

Finally there can be a death wish of the inner self, the immortal being, which, having finished its task on earth, may decide to withdraw quickly instead of letting the machinery tick over pointlessly for years. If the immortal self were to withdraw before the death of the body, the result would be either mental defectiveness or conceivably demoniac possession. This may account for some cases in which bodies survive with no apparent intelligence.

On the other hand, a friend of mine recently visited a hospital for victims of sleeping sickness in Africa. Some of the patients had been there for twenty years, and were rarely awake; they are fed in their sleep. For the most part they wore an expression of seraphic happiness, and one married couple had lain in each other's arms for years and seemed to enjoy the contact, as one does in sleep. Possibly there was some enjoyable experience in progress; but on what level?

The more experienced Inner Self, one feels, would not leave its body lying about unoccupied, but would contrive to involve it in some relatively quick and fatal but not too painful disease, such as leukemia.

It is difficult to be aware of oneself as an immortal being. Many persons are convinced, some for and some against the possibility of survival of some part of the self, but a fixed opinion is not the same as direct awareness. I believe such awareness to be not only possible, but of real value in planning our attitude to life. If we are immortals, it is important not merely to think so, but to know it and feel it and act accordingly.

To realize this, I believe the death wish can be helpful. Almost everyone has felt it to some extent at some time or other, in one of its four forms; and almost everyone, therefore, can ask himself: "What was that so-called 'I' which did not think life was worth while?"

I believe this question to be of tremendous importance. For, if one can thus get the notion of an "I" detached from the emotions and computations of immediate experience, and try to become conscious of the different aims and different long-term interests of the mortal body, the administrative mind and the immortal nucleus of the self, then immortality can become something more than an opinion or speculation; it can gradually become an awareness.

The search for an English mystery writer "beyond the grave" brought answers that were both puzzling and true-to-character

DID EDGAR WALLACE RETURN?

Nandor Fodor

AFTER his sudden death in Hollywood in the beginning of March, 1932, Edgar Wallace, the most successful writer of detective fiction in England since the days of Conan Doyle, himself became a mystery. While in his own stories the mystery was always cleared up at the end of the book, this personal one has never been fully resolved. Because of the consideration to which his family was entitled, the complete story of his dramatic after-death communications had to remain untold. Now that a quarter of a century has rolled by, the characters of the drama, if still alive, will no longer be embarrassed by the challenge of the press for a statement. The story, from the scientific point of view, is of such unusual interest that it is incumbent upon me—as the *spiritus rector* behind it—to reveal it in full.

I was associated with the Rothermere Press in England at the time when Edgar Wallace died. My private office was in Geraldine House, the office of the *London Daily Mirror*, on the staff of which, at one time, Edgar Wallace worked. I was a friend of George Ward Price, one of the chief personalities on the *Daily Mail*, the main publication of the Rothermere chain of newspapers. In view of the tremendous popularity of Edgar Wallace with the reading public of England, I suggested to George Ward Price that we should try to contact him

through spiritualistic means for a story. He readily agreed. As I was well connected in such matters through my own research activities, I made an appointment in my own name at the British College of Psychic Science. It was with a Miss Francis, the only medium of good repute who was immediately available. No one knew I would bring a fellow sitter, nor could any intimation reach her as to what we wanted.

The sitting took place on March 5, 1932—it was not a spectacular success. Miss Francis was handed a piece of manuscript in Edgar Wallace's own hand and was asked to contact the writer. We chose this means of contact as neither of us really knew the "Master of Mysteries."

Miss Francis immediately sensed tremendous mental power and a sudden passing as "a great shattering" far away. However, the contact was full of confusion. Nevertheless, a few things stood out:

"The journey was to achieve, to put some work of mine into motion, into motion pictures."

This was a true description of his trip to Hollywood.

"My wife was not with me. She was here. There are two children. She intended to join me when she heard of my smash."

This, also, was a true description of the circumstances at the time of his sudden death. But then, in a sudden burst from the deep, two letters were shot at us:

"E.W."

I was electrified. These were, of course, the initials of Edgar Wallace. In a search for more information, I asked, "What is E.W.?"

"Now you threw me off . . . Books, books, books. You know me. You tell her. Was she in Switzerland? I was right over the water. You know where, on the other side of the world. She was in Switzerland. Wasn't she coming? My boy is at school. My daughter is to stay where she is. I keep getting Switzerland."

Margaret Wallace, his daughter, was studying in Switzerland.

"Let her remain there. I like the school where she is."

I suppose I was impatient for something more dramatic. I asked him a question about spiritualism, ism, recalling a story he wrote of a ghostly visitation he experienced on May 10, 1931, the account of which he ended by saying: "I shall no longer sneer at spirits."

In Defense of the Dead

THAT story was a highly remarkable one. Wallace had been writing a vitriolic attack against Hannen Swaffer, editor of *Psychic News,* and the spiritualism movement, when in the stillness of the night he heard a voice:

"I think that is very silly; you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

There was no one in the room. The voice repeated:

"It *is* silly."

"What is silly?" Wallace asked, considerably rattled. There was no answer.

To regain his composure, he went into his wife's room, leaving the manuscript on his desk, with his watch and chain on top of it. When he returned, the writing had disappeared. The watch and chain had been moved.

At five o'clock in the morning, a still more amazing event took place. He was awakened by his own coughing and got up to make a cup of tea. In the corner of his study, sitting in a chair, he saw a woman whom he recognized instantly. She was the dead sister-in-law of Hannen Swaffer. He had known her well. She looked perfectly natural and they carried on a long conversation. Then she faded out.

Edgar Wallace never revealed what the conversation was about. Was the voice and the subsequent vision and conversation an auditory and visual projection of his conscience? At this sitting I wondered if he would remember the event and confirm or deny it.

The fog in the communicator's mind slowly lifted and this is what I was told:

"I doubt if I ever wrote for spiritualism . . . This is so tantalizing. I went to visit somebody. Had I written that article or did someone else write it? No, I wrote it. Somebody came and visited me... A visitor from the spirit world. He came to prove that what I had written was not right, to show me that I was wrong. I see myself now at my desk in the library. I believe I had been smoking. Suddenly I looked up and there was this fellow before me. I knew the fellow. It was a knock-out. I was denouncing somebody and that somebody appeared to me. I wish I could remember who he was. He was not a friend. It happened in the early hours."

Note the denial and the confusion. The woman visitor is made into a man. Hannen Swaffer is confused with the ghost of his sister-in-law. But the memory is there. And it was not our memory. If the medium had tapped our minds by some telepathic mechanism, the confusion should not have existed. In our own minds the original story stood out clearly. It looked as though the references to it originated in another mind, independent of our own and in a very confused state as, it is said in spiritualist circles, discarnate entities may be.

Interesting as all this was, it was not good enough for our purpose. It did not supply enough meat for a newspaper story. But

it was encouraging enough for another try—two days later at the British College with Miss Naomi Bacon, one of their best trance mediums.

"Remarkably Accurate"

THE booking was done in my name. My friend was still anonymous, and naturally I did not breathe a word to anyone as to what we were after. The material received was tremendous in volume and of such private character (for the most part) that even we, his fellow journalists, were unable to make a complete verification. The information certainly could not have been accessible to anyone outside Edgar Wallace's family. Later, when the hubbub over Ward Price's report had died down, I visited Mrs. Wallace and read her the full notes. She broke down and sobbed.

I had the distinct feeling that her reaction was indicative that she recognized the essential truth of Miss Bacon's revelations. Much later, I handed a full transcript to Bryan Wallace, the son. His comment about the medium's statements was: "They are remarkably accurate."

The trance session did not get going easily. Time was wasted on the description of Edgar Wallace's physical appearance (good as it was) and shots at initials were taken that did not seem to mean much. But slowly, Miss Bacon warmed to the scent. Then:

"Something about smoking. I have a smoking thing put into my hand, a special thing he always used. It is a long thing. It goes up and he turns up his upper lip with it. He smokes all the time."

Many pictures of Edgar Wallace show him with an unusually long cigarette holder that he held at an upward angle.

As identification this was good. Scripts, scenarios, the turf and the stage were mentioned next, and a statement, only too well known, that he had burned the candle at both ends and literally worked himself to death. But we still lacked the trivial details which convey the real personality.

Then came a dramatic turn: "I keep getting a very flourishing signature, either E or B. Is E part of his name? Does W mean anything? E.W. Egar. Is it Edgar?"

The Wavy Signature

IN a state of considerable agitation, Miss Bacon's hand moved in the air as if writing. I pushed a pencil into her hand and placed a sheet of paper in front of her. Her hand shook violently. It seemed to scribble wavy lines with no meaning. But when I turned it towards myself, I found a word resembling "Wallace."

As if prey to a new impulse, Miss Bacon continued:

"What does a place with bricks on it mean?"

I did not know. Nor did Ward Price.

She seized the pencil again and began to draw little squares on the paper. Then with the same tremulous motion, she wrote something. It looked like a W. Then a W was repeated again. It spiraled into a queer, distorted word: Wall.

"Wall," she exclaimed. "That is a place with bricks on it."

We could not help agreeing. She drew bricks and these conveyed to her the idea of a wall. What will happen next, I wondered.

Her excitement was unabated. She burst forth:

"It is the deuce."

Then as if taken aback by her own interpretation of the sound, she frowned, perplexed:

"That is Mussolini. The Duce... I don't know. He is the deuce, but another kind of deuce. It is the deuce, whichever way you take it."

Frankly, I did not understand. But Ward Price poked me in the rib and whispered:

"The deuce is the next card to the ace. Wall and ace: Wallace."

I was astounded. "Wall" had been impressed on the medium's mind in a pictorial manner, brick by brick. The "ace" could have been conveyed in a similar manner, by the picture of an ace from a pack of cards. That is what we should have expected. Breaking up a name into two such pictorial components would have been remarkable in itself. The name Wallace does not inspire a pictorial perception of wall and ace. Only a keen, planning mind would be able to convey the name with such ingenuity. As a telepathic feat, it would have been a remarkable achievement. But the ace had not been conveyed pictorially, in fact, it was not conveyed directly at all. As if it were a monkey-wrench, deliberately dropped into the telepathic work, a vocal substitute had been chosen. This is astonishing in itself, as the deuce could have been made into a mental image just as easily as the ace, but we know it was not, or the medium could not have confused it with Il Duce. The deuce, as the next card to the ace, is so cleverly devised that one is tempted to postulate behind it a brain steeped in mysteries and in startling denouements. The whole incident appears to be far beyond the range of what we call telepathy. Even with mediums who were supposed to be specialists in invading the sitters' mental atmosphere, I never saw anything similar.

Loquacious Characters

I am satisfied that Miss Bacon did not guess what we were after. Miss Francis did not have enough perception to arrive at any

conclusion as to whom we wanted to contact. If she had, her messages would have been far more convincing. I knew Naomi Bacon, too. A guessing game would have been far more strenuous for her than genuine mediumistic work. Further, the breathlessness with which the statements, from this moment on, began to pour forth, in itself was phenomenal.

As far as I knew, in his lifetime Edgar Wallace was pleased with his tremendous literary output.

Now, he spoke of his books with disgust and said he was glad that he at least had not created a persistent character (like Sherlock Holmes, I suppose):

"My characters were like puppets. They don't exist. They did not follow me over here like other characters follow other writers."

This is one of the oddest ideas imaginable. Dickens used to complain that his characters never stopped when he put down the pen; they pursued him in his daily activities and jabbered into his ear. Life after death must have been a torment for him, if they followed him beyond the grave!

"I feel now like a king in a castle," he continued. "Strange to say, I had such ideas on earth: that I could make human beings obedient to my will . . . There was a castle where I wanted to retire later."

That was probably a reference to an estate that he wanted his wife to dispose of. He seemed to be very anxious about her finances. His earnings had been enormous and he had lived like a king, except that a racing stable he kept devoured much of his income. Then came a most unusual statement:

"Something about a peal of bells. Something about a disappointment. Was he playing bells? Something he was doing. I don't know what it means. He says you don't know either. Who would be an agent with some work he was doing? Was there something done in a theatre with bells? He shows me bells and says: something to do with a play. He was disappointed over that. It did not take well over there."

Where?

"In Nuova York."

I don't know why he pronounced New York in such an odd way, but the reference to the bells was a bull's eye. *The Ringer,* one of Edgar Wallace's most successful mystery stories, was made into a play. In England, the play was very successful, but in New York it was a total failure.

Personal Data

WE were told that he had a dog on earth, a whitish dog. That he was a good card-

player and liked to use a special set of cards. That he had an oblong cigarette case of silver and the cigarettes were special, of his own brand, and that he had a device to keep the smoke out of his eye because his right eyelid used to twitch and he was afraid that something was wrong with that eye. Mention was made of a previous wife and of some private letters that should not have been printed. That he had an unusual chair and disliked anybody else using it. That he was extremely bad with his private accounts and, but for others, would have lost a great deal of money.

She told us that he used to wear big cuffs on his sleeves and continually pushed them back. That he had two ways of writing, with small and with very large letters. That in his early days he used a quantity of notebooks that still existed. That he was always short of change and was always going through his pockets to find money. That he was fond of wearing a carnation in his buttonhole. That he was something like a Mason. That he had been a newsboy in Fleet Street. That he was a war correspondent in Africa (Boer War). That he belonged to some regiment, with an emblem of royalty and was angry because people refused to believe it. That he had been given an ornate gold watch and chain which had great sentimental value for him. Now he wore a wrist watch. Horses and betting were mentioned. Did he have pearl studs that he used to lay on the table? Sometimes he wrote poetry.

These are some of the personal statements which give the reader an idea of how long guessing shots would have to be to be correct. When Ward Price told the essence of this story in the *Daily Mail*, Mrs. Wallace was asked to comment. She said:

"I am left with a strong doubt that the messages said to have been received were from my husband."

There were reasons why she should have been skeptical before the public. She was a public figure, operating a fashionable theater, and it would have created a disturbing public sensation if she had come out in support of messages purporting to come from a spirit.

Her doubts were based on some of the medium's statements like the one about the wrist watch. She said her husband had never worn a wrist watch. However, when the *Daily Mail* began to publish Edgar Wallace's Hollywood diary, I came across the statement that he had bought a wrist watch and was wearing it.

It was not in anybody's interest to dispute with the bereaved widow, so the refutation was allowed

to stand. The much later admission by Bryan Wallace that the statements of Miss Bacon were remarkably accurate has never been published until now.

Another Edgar Wallace?

HOWEVER, at the time of the sitting with Miss Bacon, we wanted to be prepared for the eventuality of a further contact with Edgar Wallace, so before we parted I had asked him to give us a kind of password by which we would know him. He gave an excellent one that pictorially would be easy to convey: Nero fiddling over burning Rome.

We felt that if we would ever get this password through another medium, there would be a fair case presented of our communicator's identity with Edgar Wallace.

An unexpected and very interesting opportunity arose soon. I heard that an English lady residing in Paris was receiving regular communications from Edgar Wallace in which he described his adventures in the after-life.

I was put in touch with the lady's sister in England. She borrowed the manuscript of the sittings for me. I read it with avidity. It was very amusing and contained characteristic touches of the humor of Edgar Wallace.

That these communications originated in the mind of Edgar Wallace was no more impossible than that our messages came from him.

So, through the lady in England, I sent a query to Paris for the password. This is how the question was eventually put to the communicator:

"Do you remember getting through a trance medium to two young fellows in London, and do you remember what test you promised to give them? You said you would give a password, a descriptive password."

The answer came immediately:

"What a d... cheek! I've never spoken to anyone besides yourself."

Out of the two Edgar Wallaces one must be spurious, or both were. As our Edgar Wallace gave evidence, while the other only romanced, the choice is perhaps not very difficult. But did our Edgar Wallace really prove his survival after death? Is the information we received only explainable on the basis of that assumption?

For all we know the survival theory might yet be superseded by another one, even though we cannot well imagine what it might be.

On the other hand, there is something to be said for the communicator in Paris before rejecting him. It is a well known claim in the literature of after-death messages, that those communicat-

ing for the first time are in a daze. "They are like persons who have received a blow on the head and are in a state of semi-delirium. They must be calmed, encouraged, assured that their idea will immediately be of great importance."

Waking from a daze, people may not remember what happened previously. Was it possible that Edgar Wallace had forgotten his first and dramatic communication?

People do not always recall what we want them to recall. Sir Oliver Lodge once made a test with his children.

He asked them to ask him, on the supposition that he was dead and was coming through a medium, all the questions to which, in their opinion, he was bound to return an affirmative answer provided he was their father.

One by one questions came forward. To his amazement, Sir Oliver found that he could not answer a single one. What the children considered important and evidential had no place in his recollection. So he turned to them in mock despair and said:

"That settles it. I am not your father."

If such obstacles stand in the way of complete proof when everyone is in *this* world, it is no wonder that our communications from the supposed spirits of the dead cannot be ultimately proved to the satisfaction of everyone.

"Parapsychology and Pharmacology"

An international conference on the subject of "Pharmacology and Parapsychology" will be held from July 6 to 10 at the European Headquarters of the Parapsychology Foundation, Inc., Le Piol, Saint Paul de Vence, A. M., France. The Conference will take place under the joint chairmanship of Dr. Humphry Osmond (Weyburn, Sask., Canada) and Dr. Emilio Servadio (Rome, Italy).

The conference will supplement a meeting on the subject of "Parapsychology and Psychedelics," which took place in New York on November 15 and 16, 1958. The meeting had used the term "psychedelics" in referring to the study of certain manifestations of the human mind, as it is aided by the use of certain chemical substances, notably LSD 25 (lysergic acid diethylamide) and mescalin.

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While the founder of Methodism was away, his father shouted, "Let the devil flee from me. I will never flee from the devil."

THE WESLEY POLTERGEIST

Alice V. Hancock

JOHN Wesley — founder of Methodism — was away at school when the Wesley ghost made its visit to the home of his father, the Rector of Epworth, but he learned all about it from his father, mother and sisters. Through letters written at the time, and painstaking questioning later, he learned from each member of his family about the invisible power that had disturbed them for over two months, from December 2, 1716 on through January of 1717. Later he published the account in *The Arminian Magazine*, and in it we find one of the most detailed and methodical descriptions ever written about a preternatural visitation.

A little before ten o'clock on the night of December second, Robert Brown, a servant of the Rector, Dr. Samuel Wesley, heard a knock on the door. He opened the door, and no one was there. This happened three times and, as he said, so startled him that he ran up to the garret to bed. But when he reached the top of the garret stairs he saw a handmill, used to grind corn, whirling about very swiftly at a little distance. He told Wesley later:

"Nothing vexed me but that the mill was empty. If there had been corn in it, it could have ground

its heart out. From that time on, it used frequently to visit me in bed, walking up the garret stairs, 'slaring' through the garrets, like a man in jack-boots, with a night gown trailing after him, then lifting up the latch and making it jar, and making presently in my room a noise like the gobbling of a turkey-cock, then stumbling over my shoes or boots by the bed side."

He went on, "Once I resolved to be too hard for it, and left my shoes and boots below stairs: but it was exactly the same thing whether any were there or no. The same sound was heard as if there had been forty pairs."

"Faster Than Me . . ."

ON December 4th, between five and six o'clock in the evening, Molly Wesley who was twenty, was sitting in the dining room reading when she heard the door that led into the hall open, and "a person walk in (nothing appearing) that seemed to walk leisurely around me, then to the door, then around again, but I could see nothing. I thought, 'It signifies nothing to run away, for whatever it is, it can run faster than me.' So I rose, put my book under my arm, and walked slowly away."

Her sister Sukey, a year older, wasn't quite so brave. After supper that same night the two girls were sitting in one of the bedrooms and Molly was telling about her strange experience. Sukey listened with a smile.

"I wonder that you are so easily frighted," she said. "I would fain see what would fright me."

Presently a knocking began under the table. Then the iron casement began to clatter, and a great chain seemed to fall on the outside of the door. The lid of the warming pan beside the bed jarred and rung. Next the latch of the door moved swiftly up and down without ceasing.

"Sukey started up," Molly said later, "leaped into bed without undressing, pulled the bed clothes over her head, and never ventured to look up till next morning."

A night or two later, Hetty who was nineteen, was sitting on the lowest step of the garret stairs, the door being shut at her back, when she heard some one come down the stairs behind her like a man in a loose night gown that trailed after him. She saw no one, but could hear the footsteps walk slowly by her, then move on down the "best stairs," then up the back stairs into the garret.

"At every step it seemed the house shook from top to bottom," Hetty told her oldest sister Emilia as she related her terrifying experience the next morning.

"Someone Is Playing Tricks"

YOU know I believe none of these things," Emilia replied sternly. "Someone is playing tricks on you." She resolved to catch the trickster who was scaring her sisters, so stayed up after everyone else was in bed. She began to hear knocks and other noises, and ran from one place to another trying to locate them. She opened and closed doors many times, and searched outside and inside the house, but could see nothing, although the noises continued. The latch of the kitchen door began to lift up and down, so she opened it quickly and looked out. No one was there.

"I tried to shut the door," she said later, "but it was thrust against me, and I could feel the latch, which I held in my hand, moving upwards at the same time. I looked out again, and again the door was thrust violently against me, so I set my knee and shoulder to the door, forced it to, and turned the key. Immediately the latch was moved strongly up and down, but I left it and went upstairs from whence I heard, as if a great stone had been thrown among the bottles which lay under the best stairs. The knocking began again, but I went to bed, thoroughly convinced that there was no imposture in the affair."

The girls were afraid to tell their parents about their experiences, but the next day — December 7th — they decided they would have to tell their mother — the strict and methodical Susannah Wesley. She listened but was very skeptical, and said she had heard nothing unusual.

"But if I hear any thing myself," she conceded, "I shall know how to judge."

Invisible Cradle

THAT same afternoon the girls heard a noise, and took their mother into the nursery where she heard the violent rocking of a cradle — but no cradle had been there for some years. She was now convinced that her daughters were telling the truth, and that something was in the Rectory besides the family and servants. She earnestly prayed that the invisible visitor might not disturb her at her devotions. It never did.

After hearing many unexplained knockings, and loud, hollow

noises that girls tried in vain to imitate, Susannah Wesley decided that the Rector must be told. She and each of his daughters related to him what had happened to her, but he was very angry, scolding them for telling him such nonsense.

"Sukey," he said to his wife, "I am ashamed of you. These girls fright one another, but you are a woman of sense, and should know better."

At six that same evening he changed his mind. He had family prayers as usual, and when he began the prayer for King George (which was required of all English clergymen) a knocking began all around the room. This happened from then on whenever this prayer was repeated.

He heard other disturbances, too, and a few nights later he sent for his friend the vicar, a Mr. Hoole — called by the Wesley biographer "an eminently pious and sensible man." The vicar was asked to spend the night and help discover what was causing the disturbances now heard by everyone in the Rectory.

Mr. Hoole later stated that between nine and ten on the night he spent there, a servant announced that "the signal" had been heard. This sound was described as "resembling the creaking of a saw" or "like a wind-mill being turned about," and was usually heard when the noisy visitor arrived.

"Immediately there was a knocking over our heads," Mr. Hoole said. "Mr. Wesley, catching up a candle, hurried toward the sound."

'Come, Sir,' said Mr. Wesley, 'now you shall hear for yourself.'

Threatened with a Pistol

"HE went from room to room, until the knocking seemed to be stronger than ever on the head of the bed in which Miss Hetty and two of her younger sisters lay," Mr. Hoole stated. "Mr. Wesley, observing that they were much affected though asleep, sweating, and trembling exceedingly, was very angry. He pulled out a pistol, and was going to fire at the place from whence the sound came, but I catched him by the arm."

That he was both "pious and sensible" Mr. Hoole proved by his next words. "Sir," he said to his friend, "you are convinced this is something preternatural. If so, you cannot hurt it, but you give it power to hurt you."

Mr. Wesley did not shoot, but went close to the place and said

sternly, "Thou deaf and dumb devil, why dost thou fright these children that cannot answer for themselves? Come to me in my study that am a man."

Instantly it knocked the particular knock it always used, nine knocks with a pause after each three.

"It knocked as if it would shiver the board to pieces," said the vicar, "and we heard nothing more that night."

The next evening Mr. Wesley attempted to go into his study (to which no one but himself had a key). When he opened the door "it was thrust back with such violence as had like to have thrown me down," he said later. "I have thrice been pushed by an invisible power," he went on, "once against the corner of my desk in the study, a second time against the door of the matted chamber, a third time against the right side of the frame of my study door, as I was going in."

Ask It To Speak

THE night that the door was thrust back with such violence he heard knocking in his study, and went in, but in a few minutes the knocking moved to the next room — his daughter Nancy's. He followed the sound, and said to Nancy, "These spirits love darkness. Put out your candle. I want it to speak."

She obeyed him, but there was nothing except knocking that night.

Later John Wesley asked Nancy, who was fifteen years old, whether she wasn't afraid when her father tried to get the spirit to speak. She answered that she was terribly afraid it would speak, but had been more afraid the night her father had ordered her to blow a horn in the garrets in the dark when it was knocking violently. She told her brother that she knelt down on the stairs and asked that, as she acted not to please herself, it might have no power over her. Nothing harmed her but from that night on there were greater and more frequent noises than before. The horn blowing was done in the belief that if rats were causing the disturbances, they would be frightened away, but the noises were always more loud and fierce if anyone said that rats or anything natural were causing them.

Kezzy Wasn't Bothered

THE youngest girl, Kezzy, who was about seven, never seemed to be afraid, and enjoyed running up and down stairs from room to

room chasing the sounds which they all said were hollow and loud, and moved quickly from one part of the house to another.

The Reverend Samuel Wesley was now convinced that his rectory was being haunted by the devil. Some of his clergymen friends advised him to take his family and leave the house, but he always replied, "No. Let the devil flee from me. I will never flee from the devil."

A few nights after he tried to get the spirit to speak, the bedroom of the older Wesleys was invaded for the first time. They had just gone to bed when they heard nine blows with pauses struck upon a chest that stood by their bed-side. They rose, and hearing great noises below, took the candle and went down. As they went down the broad stairs, they heard "as if a vessel of silver was poured upon Susannah's breast, and ran jingling down to her feet." (Her son Samuel later wrote to ask her if she had dug down to see if there was any silver buried there.) After that they heard a sound as if a large iron ball was thrown among many bottles under the stairs — but nothing was hurt.

As they came down the stairs, their dog saw them, and ran to shelter himself between them. Soon it sounded as if a very large coal was violently thrown upon the floor and dashed all in pieces, but nothing was seen. Then they thought they heard the pewter thrown about the kitchen, but when they looked, all of the pewter stood in place. They opened doors on which they heard knocking, but found no one, so finally went back to bed — "but the noises were so violent all over the house that we could not sleep till four in the morning."

Watch Dog Disturbed

ONE of the most interesting phases of the visitation was the behavior of the Wesley dog. It was a large mastiff, and was supposed to be a watch dog. When the disturbances began, he used to bark and leap, and snap on one side and the other, and that frequently before any person in the room heard any noise at all. But after two or three days, he was silent and seemed more afraid than any of the children. He used to tremble, and creep away before the noise began, and by this the family knew it was at hand.

Hetty and Nancy seemed to be the favorites of the invisible visitor. It used to follow Hetty by

knocking under her feet, and following her wherever she went. It followed Nancy in even stranger fashion. She told her brother that in the daytime she was never afraid even when the invisible caller walked after her as she swept the chambers, as it constantly did, and seemed to sweep after her. She said she thought it might have done the sweeping for her, and saved her the trouble. While she was making beds, it went from one side of the bed to the other, and back again, and whatever she did which made any sort of noise, the same things seemed to be performed behind her.

One night Nancy was sitting on the press bed with her sisters around her playing cards, when the bed lifted up with her on it. She leapt down, and laughed about the ghost trying to run away with her. Her sisters persuaded her to sit down again, "which she had scarce done when the bed was again lifted several times successively to a considerable height, upon which she left her seat, and would not be prevailed upon to sit there any more."

"It Went Quite Away"

AT long last, relief came for the harried Wesleys.

"I heard it every night for two or three weeks," reported Emilia. "It continued a month, night and day, then knocked only nights. . . . till at last it went quite away."

It was over, but what "it" was remains in the realm of the unknown. Few such cases, however, have been attested to by so many reputable witnesses.

"The accounts given of these strange disturbances were so circumstantial and authentic as to entitle them to the most implicit credit," wrote Dr. Adam Clarke, biographer of the Wesley family. "The eye and ear witnesses were persons of strong understandings and well-cultivated minds, untinctured by superstition, and in some instances sceptically inclined."

Of the Wesley family, Emilia made her own appraisal: "I am so far from being superstitious that I heartily rejoice at having such an opportunity of convincing myself past doubt or scruple, of the existence of some beings beside those we can see."

Four new books throw a light on parapsychological studies, at a crossroads where science, religion and humanities meet

THE PSYCHIC REVOLUTION

Allan Angoff

THE INTEGRATION OF HUMAN KNOWLEDGE. By Oliver L. Reiser. Boston: Porter Sargent. 1958. 478 pp. $8.00.

SCIENCE AND THE MODERN MIND. A Symposium. Edited by Gerald Holton. Boston: Beacon Press. 1958. 110 pp. $3.95.

THE GREAT RELIGIOUS LEADERS: A Revision of "The Story of Religion." By Charles F. Potter. New York: Simon and Schuster 1958. 493 pp. $7.50.

PSYCHICAL PHENOMENA. By Reginald Omez, O.P. Translated by Renée Haynes. New York: Hawthorn Books. 1958. 144 pp. $2.95.

IT is fair to say there is no conflict today between science and the humanities. The once classic, thundering conflict between science and religion is not so bitter now, even if it does continue. It is reasonable to suggest that in the not-so-distant future this great battle will become a chapter about a primitive period of history, as the overwhelming events of recent years draw to-

gether theologian and scientist, believer and skeptic.

The four books noted above and the variety of authors represented embrace the fields of religion, philosophy, sociology, nuclear physics, parapsychology, literature, semantics, Protestantism and Catholicism. Once a series of tightly compartmentalized and occasionally warring interests, they now indicate through their leading spokesmen that further conflict is probably futile and, more important, that there is an inescapable unity in all knowledge.

Oliver L. Reiser, Professor of Philosophy at the University of Pittsburgh, states the underlying thesis of his ambitious and often abstruse work as follows: "In this time of divisive tendencies within and between the nations, races, religions, sciences and humanities, synthesis must become the great magnet which orients us all."

He pleads for the integration of all knowledge as natural, inevitable, and as mankind's last opportunity to avert its own destruction. To emphasize the urgency of his opinions, he delves deeply into symbolic logic, semantics, mathematics, psychology, cosmology, causality and predictability. He insists there has been a psychic revolution and he speaks of the challenge of parapsychology in these words: "It is becoming clearer with each passing decade that the explanation of *Psi* [psychic] phenomena requires a completely integrated philosophy, one which, when it appears, will seem quite fantastic from the viewpoint of present-day science."

Physicists are already prepared to some extent for "the possibility that future discoveries may provide a common basis of energy changes between what is obviously 'physical' and those exceptional phenomena termed *psi* . . . *Psi* phenomena could be but one more upheaval in a century marked by upheavals."

Despite the great modern advances made by physics and other sciences, they have nevertheless failed man all too often. They have sometimes given him miracle drugs, but at other times presented him with biological warfare, hydrogen bombs and the incalculable perils of radioactive fall-out.

Existing Fears, Insecurities

BUT modern religion, continues Reiser, has failed man also, and "the brute fact is that a theology based on the uniqueness of

Christ is obsolete." Statistics about increasing church membership are statistics only, mere arithmetic, and they do not reveal a great return to religion or a new search for spiritual values. Rather, they reveal existing fears and insecurities.

The organized churches have failed, he feels; the need now is for a new morality, arising from the perfection of a new world philosophy, a philosophy that would return to its historic role of embracing and coping with all man's problems.

The vigor and the urgency of Reiser's beliefs and warnings are echoed to some extent in the excellent symposium *Science and the Modern Mind,* comprising nine remarkably lucid papers first presented at the American Academy of Arts and Sciences by a distinguished group which included the physicists Philipp Frank and Robert Oppenheimer; the Harvard psychologist Jerome S. Bruner; Nobel Physics Laureate Percy W. Bridgman; and Howard Mumford Jones, Professor of English at Harvard. All examine the problem of science and the humanities historically and within the context of the modern world.

Dr. Oppenheimer recognizes that there is a popular yearning for "the carrying into common experience of the fruits of science" and that there must be serious consideration of the basic unity of all culture so many men are demanding, to meet the immense problems of the day. But he does not feel complete unity is possible now, that we cannot yet have "a central chamber into which all else leads, the central chamber which is the repository of the common knowledge of the world." He concludes, however, on a hopeful note which even Professor Reiser might accept, when he says, "We can have each other to dinner. We ourselves, and with each other by our converse, can create, not an architecture of global scope, but an immense, intricate network of intimacy, illumination, and understanding."

"The work of the scientist," says Frank, friend, collaborator and biographer of Einstein, "is not fundamentally different from the work of the poet." Neither can grasp reality or present it, but both can experience it.

Bridgman, long one of America's leading scientist-philosophers, a man more famous now for his keen analysis of our social problems than the work in high pressure physics which won him the Nobel Prize in 1946, remarks

in his paper, "Quo Vadis," the difference between the sciences and the humanities are superficial and that they have far more in common than the talk of conflict between them would indicate.

Sciences look for great natural laws and the humanities study the individual, according to accepted definitions—but both require a great exercise of human intelligence and in their fundamentals both are creative. However, says Bridgman, it is true that science does not usually require a complete view of the entire human scene for its purposes, as do the humanities, and for this reason a "drastic reconstruction" is called for.

"A Personal Experience"

IN *The Great Religious Leaders,* Charles Francis Potter, originally a Baptist minister, later a Unitarian and a Universalist, and still later founder of the First Humanist Society of New York, applies his liberal and modern viewpoint to studies of the leaders of all the world's religions. His attention reaches from Akhenaten the Egyptian, 3400 years ago, Moses, Zoroaster, Buddha, Confucius, Jesus, Patrick, Muhammed, Luther, Wesley and others, on to the founders of Mormonism, Unitiarianism and Christian Science in the United States.

His book, a revision of his *Story of Religion,* published thirty years ago, now includes a chapter on "The Teacher of Righteousness," the hitherto unknown leader of the Essenes, who created a new democratic social order about 100 B.C. or earlier, as revealed by the discovery of the Dead Sea Scrolls.

For Dr. Potter "every religion begins as some individual's personal religious experience interpreted to and reproduced in others." Despite three millenia of religious history, "religion today is still in the stage where chemistry was in the days of the astrologer." Science has too long neglected the study of religion, particularly the psychic experiences of the great religious leaders, he believes.

"There are many students of religion," he continues, "who hope that the study of parapsychology, or extra-sensory perception, may afford a scientific basis for a new philosophy of religion. Surely, if man is ever partially freed from the sense world, the existence of an X quantity or psi factor in his mind may indicate man's possesion of something like what religion calls a 'soul'. . . We should keep our minds open

to this possibility and not be such scientific snobs as some who try to ridicule Dr. Rhine and the thousands of researchers in the field."

It will take some time for these new and startling currents of thought to enter the common stream from which the masses of mankind drink. For the time being, innovators such as Reiser, Oppenheimer, Rhine, Potter and the others must do battle against the momentum of the past, expressed so often in the resistance, bewilderment and suspicion of the popular mind. For most people, science is something the unimaginative but stable man next door works at in his good job with General Electric or Westinghouse; whereas the humanist, the artist and poet continues to appear as the vaguer and more-or-less suspect man who, at best, teaches in a college or university and at worst, wanderers about with scanty means of visible support, all too often associated with strange and unpopular causes.

The Power of Literature

BUT perhaps it is possible to be more optimistic. We may suggest that popular resistance to innovators is not as strong as it used to be, even if only out of fear. Is it laboring the point to suggest that the popularity of Boris Pasternack's book *Dr. Zhivago,* in the United States is a symptom of lessened popular resistance to ideas and other less-tangible but possibly very powerful forces in the world?

Dr. Zhivago is a difficult and complex work for most readers, with little narrative appeal, yet it has become a phenomenal best-seller. Even if it is read by only a fraction of those who buy it, the very fact that telephone operators, department store clerks and suburban housewives—as well as professors and other bookish people—spend money on it, carry it and attempt to read it, conceivably reveals that the power of the arts and humanities is asserting itself even on those levels hitherto seemingly immune to the blandishments of literature and related forces.

Awed by the power of atomic energy, frightened by the repeated evidences of Soviet prowess in science and technology, the popular mind suddenly finds hope in the book of a man in Russia who confounds the tough leaders of his own country. If the Soviet leaders are disturbed by an old man's book and apparently powerless to do much about the power

of his words (at least outside their own borders), then there is power indeed in literature, more power possibly than in the big bombs and rockets. If Russian power if frightening, Russian literature and human dignity and the voice of freedom breaking through all that power, are comforting and give many people a feeling of more security.

We need not speculate so apologetically about Father Omez' book, *Psychical Phenomena.* It unquestionably represents a most encouraging and hopeful symptom. Here is a concise, sympathetic, highly readable discussion of parapsychology and its ramifications by a scholarly French priest, translated into English by a prominent English Catholic, bearing the *Nihil Obstat* and *Imprimatur* of the Censor and Vicar General of the Archdiocese of Westminster. Historically, science has had to contend with no more conservative force than the Roman Catholic Church in pressing new discoveries and unorthodox ideas in fields seemingly distant from the proper concern of the Church.

This resistance, this suspicion of the new in science has unfortunately made it extremely difficult for newer sciences, such as parapsychology, to gain an objective if not sympathetic hearing in so many countries and areas where the Catholic attitude is an important element of the intellectual climate.

"Irreverent Touch . . ."

IT is not necessary to cite here the condemnation of Galileo in the distant past or even to quote more recent examples from such works as Andrew D. White's, *A History of the Warfare of Science with Theology in Christendom,* to illustrate this suspicion and fear. We need only quote from the article on psychoanalysis in the Catholic Encyclopedia, Supplement I, Volume XVII (New York, 1922) to show how violent this resistance to a new science and new therapy can be.

"The overemphasis on sex is one of the most loathsome aspects of psychoanalytic theory," the author, C. Bruehl, writes. "Under its irreverent touch everything becomes slimy and reminiscent of the ooze and murk in which the repulsive monsters of the deep disport themselves. Every human instinct revolts against this desecration of things that are held sacred by our race . . .

"By its doctrine of sublimation, psychoanalysis has gone further

than any other theory in degrading man. It falls as a ruinous blight upon human ideals. It takes the glamour out of life and leaves it like a faded and dead flower . . . If we take psychoanalysis in its restricted sense as a therapeutic method we have no fundamental objections against it, but only warn against its exaggerations . . .

"When the treatment of the patient is under the supervision of an experienced and reliable physician and if it is surrounded by the safeguards made necessary by the intimate nature of the disclosures, there is nothing to be said against it from the moral point of view. . .

"The important point overlooked by psychoanalysis is this, that disorders of the mental life are not so much caused by effectually suppressed desires as by insufficiently suppressed desires which are allowed to lurk in the mind. The Christian law forbidding evil thoughts prevents such insincerity that may avenge itself in psychic disturbances . . . Without exaggeration it may be asserted that at present psychoanalysis is the greatest enemy to a right understanding and a just estimate of man's place in the universe. It degrades him as few systems of philosophy have ever done."

But now comes Father Omez with the following from his new book: "The Catholic hierarchy as a whole has never adopted, either in acts or definitions binding upon the faithful, any special position with regard to psychical research . . . The Church has no cause to intervene in the purely scientific domain of studies of the paranormal, so long as those engaged in them remain on their own ground. The true faith has nothing to fear from true science; for Christians, revelation and human science both spring from the same divine thought, and cannot therefore contradict one another.

"Apparent opposition can come only from some scientific error which should be rectified scientifically, from an untenable hypothesis which will fade out, or from a mistaken interpretation of the truths contained in the official teachings of the Church. Within their own sphere, therefore, the experts have complete liberty for their research work . . . The Church does not hinder experts and specialists from pursuing their investigations, even when these seem to weaken some of its more traditional teachings."

"Many Gifted Workers"

THESE are important pronouncements. They presage a more receptive attitude toward parapsychology and all science from millions who have, up to now, sometimes regarded the great and fascinating developments in those areas with hostility, sullenness or aloofness. It is possible that with this more relaxed attitude of the Church, psychic research will gain many gifted workers who have ignored it up to this time.

It is such developments—and there are many more in the contemporary world that excite the imagination and raise the hopes of men everywhere—that recall this resounding and concluding paragraph of Percy Bridgman's essay, "Quo Vadis," alluded to earlier: "It seems to me that the human race stands on the brink of a major breakthrough. We have advanced to the point where we can put our hand on the hem of the curtain that separates us from an understanding of the nature of our minds. Is is conceivable that we will withdraw our hand and turn back through discouragement and lack of vision?"

Man's Soul Potential

A Book Review by Gustaf Stromberg

THE DRAMATIC UNIVERSE: Vol. I. The Foundations of Natural Philosophy. By J. G. Bennett. London: Hodder & Stoughton. Distributed in the United States by McIntosh and McKee, New York. 1956. 833 pages. $8.50.

IN the opinion of the reviewer, this book by the eminent British scientist and philosopher J. G. Bennett marks a milestone in man's attempts to survey and to synthesize his achievements in reaching an understanding of nature and of his own place in the universe. The author is the founder and director of the Institute for Comparative Study of History, Philosophy and the Sciences in England. In this book, the author has made an attempt, apparently successful, to bring our whole

body of scientific knowledge within the scope of a single comprehensive view, and to show the inherent relationship between the various fields of human knowledge.

Naturally, a work of this kind is not easy reading. Before attempting to tackle this formidable volume, the reader would do well to study Bennett's two earlier and shorter books on the subject: *The Crisis in Human Affairs* (New York, 1951), and *What Are We Living For?* (New York, 1954). In these books Bennett has described how he learned about the philosophy of the Georgian sage, G. I. Gurdjieff, who expounded the doctrine of "the universal reciprocal maintenance of everything that exists," which means that all existence now, in the past, and in the future is inter-related.

One of the effects of the teaching by Gurdjieff was the realization by Bennett that the four-dimensional space-time used in the relativity theory was inadequate for a complete description of the physical universe. To remedy this defect, he introduced, in cooperation with two other experts in theoretical physics, a fifth dimension in the scientific world picture. This new dimension was called *Eternity*, because it involved a domain beyond physical, that is, measurable, space and physical time. The British scientists showed that, by introducing this enlarged world frame, our description of all physical phenomena could be simplified.

Tomorrow, in its Winter 1957 issue, published my article entitled "An Astronomer Looks at Psychic Phenomena," in which I showed that the introduction of an eternity domain in the universe makes it possible to explain a number of psychic phenomena such as telepathy and clairvoyance. Even more important, the age-old problem of where and in what form our memories are stored could be solved by placing them beyond space and time in the newly discovered eternity domain of the universe. (This article has recently been reprinted in an expanded form under the title "Psychic Phenomena and Modern Science" by the Astara Foundation in Los Angeles, price $1.00.)

A World Hitherto Unexplored

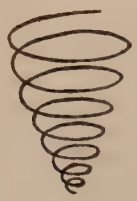
THE Dramatic Universe, of which the first volume has just appeared, is the result of several years of preparation. It is a ponderous work, not easy to digest. But when the reader has learned to understand the many unfamiliar terms, a new and hitherto unexplored world is exposed in all its glory. The view covers such a wide compass that it almost takes one's breath away. The

reader begins to see that every part of the physical as well as the mental universe is related to every other part. [See TOMORROW, Spring, 1958, "Existence Beyond Death," by J. G. Bennett, in which he briefly describes this hypothesis.]

In his more complete analysis, Bennett has, in addition to the eternity dimension, introduced a sixth "dimension" or "level," to which he has given the formidable name *Hyparxis* and which is particularly evident in all living forms. Expressed in simple terms, Hyparxis represents a realm of potentialities, or as Bennett describes it, an ableness of a structure to become a highly organized whole. It corresponds closely to what I, in my earlier publications, have called a "living" or "autonomous" field, or rather to the ultimate origin of such fields. This potentiality, which lies beyond space and time and eternity, is the ultimate cause of man's ability to possess a highly unified personality: in other words, a "soul."

As I see it, Bennett's far-reaching analysis would show that the human mind is aware of six different "projections" of the world: physical space, with its three dimensions, physical time, with one (directed) dimension, eternity, which is the domain of the conscious mind, and, finally, the domain of an *integrated* life and an *integrated* personality, that is, a body and a soul.

God's creation has probably many more aspects, but our limited mind can fathom only a few of them.



A historian of the magical explores man's desire for control over the universal forces that appear to dictate his destiny

ORIGINS OF WITCHCRAFT

A Book Review by Eileen J. Garrett

THE MEANING OF WITCHCRAFT. By G. B. Gardner. London: Aquarian Press. 1959. 288 pp.

THE author of this volume is an actual member of one of the few surviving witch covens. He has set out, in *The Meaning of Witchcraft,* to uncover the original meaning of age-old superstitious practices and beliefs of witch cults. Patiently, Dr. Gardner shows how modern conceptions, out of ignorance and fear, have become entirely erroneous.

As the author has traveled widely and is an experienced anthropologist and ethnologist, he is convincing when he points out that ancient pre-Christian religions are at the root of witchcraft and magic, although their rites have been distorted through the centuries.

Dr. Gardner's interest in the subject, which today brings him correspondence from all parts of the world, has encouraged him to have his own museum of magic and witchcraft on the Isle of Man. Through the years, his interest has been stimulated to study and correct the false premises of numerous writers intent on keeping the legend of devil worship alive,

the most notable being the late Montague Summers.

The author, like other anthropologists, is particularly concerned with the need to divorce his subject matter from theological argument and superstitious terror. His theories are worthy of examination; they make good sense when viewed in the light of the facts of history.

Dr. Gardner's interest began during his early days as a government official in Malaya. It was there that he began a serious study of religion and magic, and of the part played by them through the centuries, as man sought to comprehend the universal laws to which magic would appear to be related.

The allegations of witchcraft, its meaning and symbology are carefully examined and devil worship explained. The Druids and the Horned God himself representing Satan, rather like Osiris of Egypt, are related to the earlier faiths whose roots are almost forgotten in antiquity.

The book is a serious contribution to the literature of the subject. It deals with explanations of the personification of cosmic power in the form of worship and of the gods and goddesses carried on by believers over the centuries, and shows how man made ways to know and understand the mysteries of life and how he sought to relate himself by sign and symbol to the meaning of life as he comprehended it.

The author is a member in good standing of the Society for Psychical Research in London, and serves on the Committee of the Folklore Society in Britain. Dr. Gardner is to be commended for the serious study that makes his book possible. It contains an excellent bibliography, as well as 288 pages of most rewarding reading.

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The apparition wore a light blouse, blue flowers on her skirt, ballet-type shoes, white stockings and a band around her hair

GHOST IN CRINOLINE

Wainwright Evans

NEW York City has more haunted houses than ever get into the record. One reason it is hard to track them down is that the owners try to keep it dark. There is one haunted house in New York, however, whose owner, up to the time when she recently sold the old building, made no secret of her ghost. And, though she moved out, presumably the ghost has not, and is still sticking around, waiting for a team of investigator's to come along and get acquainted.

To find 422½ West 46th Street, in the heart of old Hell's Kitchen, you walk along the south side of the block between 9th and 10th Avenues. The time-battered tenements of what remains one of New York's worst West Side slums, tower around you. Between 422 and 424 you come to a high wrought-iron gate, still beautiful, and plainly a relic of other days —mute evidence that once upon a time New York was actually like that.

You walk through that gate, up a narrow alley thirty feet long, and into a flagstoned courtyard that seems like another world. Facing you is an old two-story building of time-mellowed brick, with a row of slender columns

and graceful arches in front; and, above them, a wrought-iron gallery that runs the length of the building, with a crooked iron stairway at the left end that leads down to the court.

At the time I visited this charming relic, it, together with the four-story tenement buildings that hid it from the street, was owned by Miss Ruth Faison Shaw, an artist, one of whose claims to fame is that she originated "finger painting," and for many years taught it as a therapy for psychotic patients in the Menninger Clinic at Topeka, Kansas. Here, in West 46th Street, was her home, and here the great studio where she taught her classes.

Miss Shaw dotes on ghosts, makes something of a hobby of collecting them, and has, for her favorite, this lovely little ghost in crinoline, the delicate wraith of a pretty young girl, whose appearances, Miss Shaw avers, always seem to be omens of something pleasant about to happen.

"On Good Speaking Terms . . ."

TO lend proper authority to Miss Shaw's observations of this 46th Street apparition, let's go back a bit: "I've been seeing ghosts off and on ever since I was a child," Miss Shaw said as matter of factly as if she were discussing the weather. "I'm not in the least afraid of them. You see I was raised, with four brothers, in Wilmington, South Carolina, by two old negro mammies, who conditioned me to ghosts, and who were on speaking terms with every important ghost in that region. They singled me out as worthy of their best efforts because I had been born with a caul. Thy taught me their techniques for seeing ghosts, and I took it all as much for granted as my three meals a day.

"There was a lot of voodoo in it; but, along with all the gross superstitions that were a part of their life, I am sure they had something, and were, in many ways, definitely psychic. If I am in any degree psychic myself. I think I probably owe some of it to them.

"My family were strict Presbyterians—my parents were about as unsuperstitious as any you could find. My mother would have been horrified if she had known the kind of education I was getting from those two old negro mammies to whom she had entrusted me.

"They had special rules for me, as distinct from the other children who hadn't had the luck to

be born with a caul. For instance, at meals, I had to always have equal portions of white and dark chicken meat, if we had chicken. If I had been given a green vegetable, I had to have an equal amount of a light colored vegetable. I was always bathed in a special tub, never used for the other children, and always there must be a flower, preferably blue, floating on the water."

Mammy Katharine trained her young pupil to an alert sensitivity to sounds, to voices in the night, to thunder. Mammy Jenny concentrated on teaching her the techniques of seeing ghosts – first, Miss Shaw explains, you had to have a feeling, and, to get that, you had to go through certain rites–rites which Mammy taught her during picnics in the woods, when the child's strict Presbyterian family were not around to interfere.

How to See a Ghost

IF they came to a warm spot in the woods, Mammy Jenny would explain, "That's a ghost." The idea was that the ghost was sending out messages or warm signals to see if you were receptive. On the other hand, a cold spot was a ghost too, but an evil one; and then the thing to do was button up your pockets and clothes tight, to keep him out. But to a good ghost you opened up your clothing and told the ghost to make itself at home.

One way to see a ghost, Mammy Jenny instructed, was to look at it through a Lazy Lawrence, over your left shoulder. Lazy Lawrences were heat waves. When you saw heat waves, that was the earth, panting. Ghosts would rise under such conditions; and if you doubted that, you only had to look at those heat waves! Seeing is believing. If you wanted to see a lot of ghosts, you should look over your left shoulder at a blue gum negro standing behind a hot stove.

It is very hot in hell – so the earth breaks and cracks, and that's a means of escape for wicked spirits; so never step on a crack, because if you close the crack by stepping on it, the bad spirit will get revenge.

If you happened to come across a dead rat, look out. A dead rat, if it were grinning, would attract wicked ghosts from across the sea. But you could offset this danger by a simple trick; you collected as much spittle in your mouth as you could while you walked three times around the dead rat; and then you spat

at the rat over your left shoulder. If you hit the rat, that would kill the evil ghost.

When you ate food, you were to ask a blessing from the Great Spirit. And whenever you talked to anybody, you should talk to the Great Spirit in that person. And of course that meant you'd be polite — a rule of voodoo-born courtesy which children, so taught, carried over into their dealings with adults and vice versa.

"Now, can you think of a better prescription for good manners than that?" Miss Shaw asked.

"But did they really teach you to see ghosts?"

"Well," Miss Shaw said slowly, "I often feel that there is more to all that superstitious nonsense than meets the eye. Something does seem to happen. I'm seeing them, but a certain consciousness seems to come immediately afterwards, like the memory of a dream. It is purely a personal thing, and probably it has little or no evidential value. But sometimes it seems to line up pretty definitely with things that are now more or less a commonplace in the study of extra-sensory perception. It merges over into the psychic quirk in me that has caused me many, many times to see apparitions. And there is no doubt in my mind that I do see them.

Summoned Her Sons

"FOR example, one of the most poignant experiences of my life was a thing that happened when my mother died, in Rome. I was with her. Like me, she was psychic. She called my four brothers and my father to her bedside — telepathically, if you like. All I know is that I saw their apparitions as I stood there. Two of my brothers were dead; so was my father; and my two remaining brothers were in America, one in Philadelphia, the other in South Carolina. Father stood at the foot of the bed, the others on either side. She talked to them, but they did not speak. Later, I learned from my two living brothers that they knew she was dying and had summoned them, and the one in Carolina even called the one in Philadelphia by phone, so strong was the impression.

"As they stood beside the bed, I even saw the clothes they were wearing. The one living in Carolina was without his coat, because the weather down there was very warm; and he came, so to speak, just as he was. The other was wearing his naval uniform,

nd came just as he was, too. I erified these points later.

"Here, I feel, is what may be egarded as a transformation of hose crude superstitions I was aught as a child into something hat any modern experimenter in sychic research would recognize s being in line with other similar vidence.

"That kind of thing, especially he seeing of apparitions, has hapened to me so many times that here is no doubt in my mind my ittle ghost in crinoline is definitely recurring apparition, and not ust a figment of my imagination. What the explanation may be I don't know. But I am sure it happened."

And then Miss Shaw told me about her favorite ghost. Immediately after she bought the old building she set about finding out all she could about its history by questioning old timers in the neighborhood. Among these was a 90-year-old druggist, at 16th Street and 9th Avenue. His name was Oates, and he knew all the local legends.

While she was never able to find any documentary proof, Miss Shaw believes the building dates back to about 1809 or a little earlier. The plaster is of a type used in the 1700's. It seems to have been the coach house of Governor Clinton, first Governor of New York. According to Mr. Oates, the Clinton coachman lived in the upstairs rooms over four stables on the ground floor. The coachman was English, and his wife was a Danish girl, young, newly arrived from Denmark, and very lonely and homesick.

The First Ghost

ONE evening this homesick young woman, saw, or thought she saw, an apparition of the "Old Moor," as he was locally called, who, somewhat earlier, had been brought by ship to New York, tried for mutiny at sea, and hanged at the Battery. He was buried at what is now 45th Street and 10th Avenue, then a potter's field, and far to the north of the then limits of the city. This was just around the corner from the old coach house. After the execution, the spectators filed past the grave and threw in stones — a custom at that time.

From then on, according to local belief, the Moor's restless ghost roamed the neighborhood. The coachman's wife, frightened by these stories about the ghost, saw him one day, or thought she did. Terrified, she ran down the stairs from the wrought-iron gal-

lery on the front of the coach house, to her mistress for comfort and reassurance.

She was pregnant; and a little later, one night before her baby was due, she ran down the stairs, fell, and died of the fall. The baby, born of a miscarriage was saved. Thereafter the coachman took entire care of the baby, a boy; and whenever the baby became ill, an apparition of the mother would be seen on the stairs below the gallery. But as the baby grew older, the apparition was seen no more.

Such was the story the mistress of the estate used to tell her grand-children. (That, at any rate, was the version Miss Shaw got from Mr. Oates and other local ancients.)

Among the grandchildren of one of the Clinton family was an imaginative young girl named Margaret. She asked questions: "What happens if the ghost comes and you are not here? Oh, may I be a ghost, and run down the stairs?"

Thereafter, Margaret made a game of pretending she was the ghost of the coachman's wife. She would put on old-fashioned clothes, and run down the stairs. She did it once too often. One day she tripped and fell, and died of the fall — and so became a ghos herself.

In the years that followed there was a continuing traditio that Margaret's charming littl apparition was to be seen fro time to time, coming down thos fatal stairs.

A Vision for the Bums

IN the course of time the old building became an abandon ed ruin; and local Hell's Kitche bums would gather there at nigh to sleep in the four old stables One of the old-timers among th bums told Miss Shaw soon afte she took the place, that one da a group of these men saw th girl's ghost in the abandone courtyard. Frightened, they ra out into the street, and it was week before they dared com back there to sleep.

"Later still," the old man said "a Mr. Menconi, an artist, bough the place and made a studio o it. And now a lady owns it," h added, not knowing Miss Shaw was the "lady." "They say th ghost runs down the stairs again but the bums don't go there n more, because a lady owns it.

After Miss Shaw took the plac she went to California for a tim to lecture on finger-painting When she got back, she too

ooms across the court from the oach-house temporarily, till the ase of her tenants in the coach-ouse should expire. From these ooms she could plainly see the alcony and the stairs.

She had rather discounted the ory of the ghost, and was ex-ecting nothing in particular to appen.

"But one day, late in the after-oon, I saw her," Miss Shaw said. I saw her very plainly. She wore white blouse and a full crinoline kirt with a pattern of light blue owers. There were two bands on he skirt. The blouse was cut low n front, and had very full sleeves. t was a peasant type of blouse, f a kind stylish in the old days. Her hair was bound with a light lue band. Her shoes were black, allet type, and laced across the op. She wore white stockings. Her neck was long, and her deli-ate profile showed a cute little etroussé nose. I didn't see the ront of her face, but I saw nough to know she was very retty. Her hair, which came half ay down her back, bounced and oated as she moved. She held er hands out in front of her, and he seemed to sort of float down he stairs, though she was plainly unning.

Canine Cognition

"I saw her that way, three days in succession. I liked it, but Peggy, my Scottie, didn't. One night when I was reading late, Peggy gave the alarm — a peculiar bark she never gives at any other time, a sort of terrified yip — and I knew from that that my nice little ghost was walking again.

"One afternoon when I was out in the court working with my flowers, Peggy yipped. I looked up and there was the apparition, at once floating and running down the stairs, with her hair lifting a little as she moved. I saw her, in broad daylight, at a distance of about twenty feet, as plainly as I would have seen a real person on those stairs. Peggy began barking frantically, her hair bristling, and she ran around behind me.

"The apparition crossed the court diagonally, in a straight course toward the alley leading to the street. She entered the passageway and vanished. I ran to the entrance, but could see nothing.

"Later I moved into the coach-house, where I lived from then on. That didn't give me such a good view; but I continued to see the apparition from time to time. Sometimes all I got was the flash

of her petticoat through the window as she passed.

"Peggy sleeps in the big chair near the window, and often at night she will spring up, giving that frightened yip, and come running and hop upon my bed, trembling all over."

"When was the last time you saw the apparition?"

"About six weeks ago, two days before an art exhibit in my studio and in the courtyard. It included some of the finger-paintings of my students, and the work of some fellow artists. Most people in this neighborhood know about Margaret. I may own the house, but she is community property."

Another Story—

IT is too bad that space limitations forbid going into some of Miss Shaw's further adventures with apparitions. There was, for instance, the one she met some twenty-five years ago — in an ancient building that still stands at the foot of East 43rd Street, now looking out on the United Nations buildings. He was a young sailor who presented himself at her door, his arm in a sling, and asked for Kitty. Kitty, it seemed, had been there "only last night." Investigation later revealed that back about 80 years ago, the building had been a bordello, run by Madame Touché, Kitty was one of the girls. The sailor, furious at finding a man in Kitty's room, killed the fellow, ran out, fell and broke his arm. Hence the sling.—But it's a long story.

And then there's the one that happened when Miss Shaw stopped at a hotel in a Utah town during one of her lecture tours and she awoke at midnight to discover her room full of fighting men. She later learned that such a fight had taken place in that room, between two rival gangs when the first railroad was being built. Several men had been killed, and the room had been considered "haunted" ever since.

But that, too, is another story

nouncing a new scholarly quarterly

International Journal of Parapsychology

The Parapsychology Foundation, Inc. has long believed at parapsychology cannot advance without benefit of knowledge ered by other scientific disciplines, and that the scientific com- unity as a whole cannot afford to ignore the challenge of para- ychological studies. In order to provide a meeting ground for s scholarly inquiry, linking parapsychology with psychology, ysics, biochemistry, pharmacology, anthropology, ethnology d other sciences, the Parapsychology Foundation has just begun blication of a new quarterly, the *International Journal of rapsychology*.

As Mrs. Eileen J. Garrett, President of the Foundation, states the first issue, "the new quarterly will help to fill a number of isting gaps in the field of scholarly presentation, thus supple- enting already existing facilities.

"The International Journal will act as a forum for the expres- n of a wide range of ideas. It will be open to review articles, tical papers, exploratory essays and a variety of other contribu- ns which, we hope will be substantial as well as stimulating."

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very first issue, Summer 1959. Among the contents of the first issue are the following contributions:

The Role of Parapsychology in Modern Thinking,
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he acquisition of magical powers, according to old beliefs, recalled by present-day festivities on June twenty-fourth

MIDSUMMER'S OLD TIME MIRTH

E. R. Yarham

THE gas pump and motor car have perhaps frightened away orever the elves and pixies which ur less sophisticated forefathers elieved roamed the woods and ountryside at Midsummer, but ven now Midsummer Eve and Midsummer Day are more im-regnated with old-time beliefs han any other season of the year, nd Midsummer fires still blaze n the hills of Europe as they ave done since pagan days.

Midsummer has always been egarded as a "magic" time, a sea-on for bonfires, feasting and lancing, and the carrying out of uaint rites connected with the harvest, love and marriage. Old-time writers record that the principal features of the festival were the bonfires, processions and parades with torches round the fields, and the rolling of lighted wheels down the hill-sides. These customs prevailed not only in the British Islands but throughout the whole of Europe, from Ireland to Russia and from Scandinavia to Spain.

Sunrise at Stonehenge

A CUSTOM enjoying increasing prosperity in Britain is that of visiting the great prehistoric monument of Stonehenge on

Midsummer morning. Stonehenge stands on Salisbury Plain in the south of England, and many believe it was erected by a people who were sun worshippers—numerous Midsummer customs originated with sun worship—and that the builders placed the "altar stone" so that the first rays of the rising sun would fall upon it as it rose on Midsummer morning. According to legend the altar stone was the scene of human sacrifice to the sun in those far off days before Christianity reached Britain. Now, every year, larger numbers of spectators gather, coming on foot, by car, coach, and cycle, in the hope of a fine morning, to watch the sun's rays strike the ancient stone as they have done for thousands of years.

Probably the most widespread custom of all is that of lighting Midsummer bonfires. It is thought to be a survival of the ancient sun-worship once general in Northern Europe. This universal fire festival, coinciding, as it does, with the summer solstice, no doubt originated as a pagan rite in which the bonfires were meant to symbolize the sun itself. At this time, when the sun is at the full height of its power, its aid was invoked to free man and cattle from sterility, disease and witchcraft and to endow both with strength and fruitfulness.

Jumping through the Flames

DANCING around the fires was regarded as having a magical influence. The young men and women joined hands and formed a circle, and as the dance reached a climax they pulled each other from side to side, jumping over the burning embers. The superstition was that if this was accomplished without breaking the chain, none of the dancers would die that year.

Behind this all was the secret belief that if the fires were to be endowed to their full virtue some living creature—be it only mouse or rat—must first have been sacrificed to the flames, a memory no doubt of what probably originated as a human sacrifice.

At one time, bonfires were lit in the main streets of every town. As late as 1833 there was a riot in Cork, Ireland, when some soldiers refused to subscribe money for the expenses of the Midsummer Eve bonfire. When the custom was universal, even the king encouraged its maintenance; for an item of the expenses of the Privy Purse of Henry VII reads: "June 23, 1493. To making of the bonefyre on Midsomer Eve, 10s."

We also read that one Midsummer Eve, King Henry VIII, who loved sport and fun in his younger days, went to see one of the fires in the London streets, disguised as a guard, and he took part in the jollifications. Stow, the Elizabethan chronicler of London, describes the festivities thus: "Bonfires in the streets, the wealthier sort standing by their doors, their tables furnished with sweet bread and good drink, whereunto they would invite their neighbors and passengers also to sit and be merry with them in great familiarity."

Wheels of Fire

THUS the people invoked the power of the sun to free man and beast from disease, disaster, and the machinations of witches and other evil things, and to endow him, his cattle and his crops, with virility and fruitfulness.

In the West Country of England, for instance, the flares were lit "to bless the apples." At one time in Wales the fires were as numerous on the hills as they are in Southern Europe to-day, and there an old wheel, covered with straw and lighted, was rolled down a hill. It was thought that if a fire-wheel got to the bottom without going out, everybody's bad luck would roll away and a splendid harvest would follow. The wheel was said to typify that the sun was about to begin its yearly descent in the heavens.

Yet another curious custom was for a watch to be kept throughout the night at Midsummer, although not every town or city adopted it. It persisted at Nottingham as late as the reign of Charles I, and there and elsewhere every citizen went, or sent a substitute.

The watch gathered and took the oath for the preservation of the peace. They decorated themselves with flowers and carried lights on the tops of long poles.

The custom of sitting up or watching through St. John's Eve was probably the outcome of a once widespread belief—which lingered long in Ireland—that the souls of people on that night left their bodies and wandered to the place where the owners of the souls would die. The vigil, therefore, was undertaken in the hope of preventing this not very cheerful peregrination.

In England popular belief was that if everybody sat up fasting all night in the church porch he would see the spirits of those who were to die in the parish during the following year come and

knock at the door in the order in which they were to pass.

To Become Invisible . . .

IT was also believed that miraculous powers of divination and invisibility could be acquired on Midsummer Eve, by those who carried out certain observances. Those who wished to obtain the gifts had to go out into the woods at midnight, and there gather some of the seeds from the ferns without touching the leaves.

There were only two drawbacks to the ambition—one, that the feat is not so easy as it sounds; and two, that those who attempted to acquire supernatural powers were often suspected of witchcraft.

That the belief was widely held is proved by the fact that Ben Jonson, in *New Inn* wrote:

"I had
No medicine, sir, to go invisible,
No fern-seed in my pocket."

One who claimed to have successfully collected some seed swore that as he did so the spirits whisked by his ears and even knocked off his hat, and that when he at last reached home the seed had vanished.

The elder is another plant supposedly endowed with magical powers but the particular tree must have certain characteristics. It must be growing from a seed dropped in the hollow stump of a decayed tree; then some of the stems must be cut into small pieces and made into a necklace for the children, and it will ward off childish complaints.

Before the branches are cut the following words must be repeated: "'Elder, elder, may I cut thy branches?"

In the West Country of England, a piece of elder cut on Midsummer will reveal the presence of metal in the soil, and a lotion made from the blossoms gathered that eve is unsurpassed for beautifying the complexion.

Magical Plants

MANY other legends have been handed down regarding the flowers of Midsummer, which in some cases were able to give freedom from fever and disease, and protected people from sorcerers and their spells. Even dandelions, and, most famous of all, the St. John's Wort, were magically endowed on that day. It was believed until quite recent years that it was an infallible guard against witches, and not long ago in the quiet districts of eastern and western England old

people would nail a posy of it to their doorways as a protection against "the evil eye."

Yet another plant endowed with magical properties was the meadow-sweet. Picked at Midsummer it would tell whether friends were false or true, while an infusion of dogwood brings about a fulfillment of dreams.

Vervain, the four-leafed clover and wild thyme were flowers of great potency, and in Spain the first-named is placed round the heads of maidens early in the morning, and the constancy of their lovers is told according to how long the dew stays on them. The mountain arnica also possessed wonderful properties, and from camomile, or "Balder's eyelashes," a tea with medicinal properties could be brewed.

It is said that in some places people still have faith in this potion. The general belief was that in order to avail oneself of these wonderful properties it was necessary to fast and to gather the flowers before sunrise. A medieval belief about the St. John's Wort was that if gathered at the right hour, beneath it would be found a rare coal that would protect whoever carried it from plague, carbuncles, lightning, fever, and the ague.

A Day for Lovers

MIDSUMMER EVE was always an important one in the calendar of lovers, and one of the most widespread beliefs was that if a girl had the courage to take hempseed, and at midnight run round the church with it, scattering the seed, and repeating, "Hempseed I sow, let hempseed grow; he that will my sweetheart be, come after me and mow," she would see, if she turned, the youth mowing after her.

Another superstition connected with lovers had to do with the eating of a meal. If an unmarried woman wished to see her future husband she had to fast and at midnight lay the table with bread and cheese. She then sat down leaving the door open, and the belief was that the man she was destined to marry would enter, drink to her and bow, and then, setting down the glass, would retire after bowing again.

June is the month of roses, and so those beautiful flowers had to be brought into the range of Midsummer folklore. Girls would sally forth on the stroke of midnight to gather a rose, walking backwards, and not speaking.

Absolute silence had to be maintained while the blossom

was wrapped in paper and left undisturbed for a month and a day, when, if lovers were true, the rose would be found as fresh and fragrant as the hour it was gathered. The flower was carried either in the bosom or kept beneath the pillow.

Then there was the pretty superstition of the "dumb cake," which had to be made of water, flour, sugar, and salt, no word being spoken. Six girls would assist, for the saying ran: "Two must make it, two must bake it, and two must break it."

After cooking the cake was divided into six parts, and each girl ate half her portion. She walked to bed backwards and placed the other half beneath her pillow. The charm would show her, in her dreams, the face and figure of her future lover.

Dancing Through the Night

SOME of the most picturesque of Midsummer scenes are to be witnessed in Sweden, particularly in the province of Dalecarlia, the "Land of the Valleys." Winters are long, and the Midsummer sun is therefore greeted with rejoicing.

The landscape is extremely beautiful then; the riot of color blazes out in full glory. Throughout the province there are great festivities, and every little hamlet, town and village, joins in the ceremony of raising the Midsummer pole, decked with wreaths and garlands.

As the evening draws near, the long, slender pole, crowned with the national colours, blue and yellow, is raised into position amid great rejoicing. Every door is trimmed with silver birch, and all vehicles, motors and farm wagons included, are similarly adorned.

The people of Dalecarlia are noted for their dancing prowess, but it is on Midsummer Eve that abandonment seizes them, and their skill is seen at its best. The evening is long, but at last twilight comes.

Even then the dancing does not stop, for all know that the sun will soon return. There is no real darkness, and the brief twilight is soon over. The dancing goes on until the morning, accompanied by the haunting melodies which have been handed down for hundreds of years.

"In black, green or scarlet masks, in extraordinary costumes, with fangs, talons or claws, with fierce, inhuman screams . . ."

THE DEVIL DANCERS OF CEYLON

Santha Rama Rau

SUPERNATURAL affairs had never really absorbed me until I lived for three months in the small walled town of Galle, on the south coast of Ceylon. I had gone to Ceylon with my three-year-old son largely to escape the steamy monsoon season of Bombay in a midsummer holiday at the beach. Ceylon, of course, is hot, too, but its rains are more equitably divided through the year, and even though Galle is only a couple of degrees north of the equator, there is always a fresh wind off the sea.

Galle has a climate that suits me particularly well—a climate for cotton dresses and bare feet, for long afternoon siestas, for idling about, for wandering down the beach after dark and finding that the nighttime sea is warmer than the air above it. It was only a day or two after I had moved into the New Oriental Hotel ("'New'!" the manager used to say to me. "That always makes me laugh. It's the oldest hotel in Ceylon—dates from Dutch colonial days") that I discovered that this was also a climate for the pleasing chill of magic.

It all started after dinner one night, when my room boy brought me a carafe of water to put beside my bed and remarked, "Madam

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mustn't be disturbed if she hears music. It's only the dance party."

I thanked him for his solicitude and watched him walk barefoot down the wide corridor that led from my open door to the staircase. He had surprised me with his message about a dance, for the hotel seemed too sleepy and unfashionable to bother with such entertainment, and so did the twenty-odd people whom I had already learned to recognize as the residents—the two retired civil servants who no longer had the money to live in style in Europe, the Singhalese couple with their numerous children who were spending the school holiday in Galle, the elderly British women with their bird's-nesty hair and their sketch pads, the three young men on a shooting trip, and the rest.

I climbed into bed and turned out the light. Lying in the wide bed, on a hard, cool mattress, I looked around my room. The dim light from my windows doubled and flattened the huge black beams across the ceiling, and at that hour the whitewashed walls had none of the clean reassurance of daylight.

Reed blinds rattled at the windows of the corridor outside, and the broad teak planks of my floor settled down for the night with occasional creaks and rustles. Somewhere on the floor below, a door slammed. But I couldn't hear a sound from the dance downstairs, and rather sleepily I decided that they really knew how to build houses in *those* days.

The next morning, on my way to the beach, I stopped at the hotel desk to ask for letters. The manager was there, busily typing something at his office table, and since I had already acquired that bemused, expansive mood that comes over one on a beach holiday, I congratulated him on the peace and charm of his hotel. "Do you know," I said, "I didn't even hear a murmur of last night's dance. I think that's really astonishing in a town as quiet as Galle."

HE looked up, smiling in a slightly irritated way. "The boys have been talking again," he said.

"All he said—" I began.

"We never have dances here," the manager told me patiently. "Unless, of course, someone wants to hire the lounge for a wedding and a party afterward."

"But he—"

"I know, I know," the manager interrupted. "He told you to pay no attention to the music. It's an

old story, and so far no one has ever been worried by it."

"Oh, I wasn't *worried*."

"You see, this is a very old building—one of the oldest in Galle—so stories grow up."

He rested his arms on the top of the typewriter and continued to smile pleasantly. "It used to be a private house. That must have been more than a hundred and fifty years ago, when the Dutch still ruled Ceylon. The lady who used to live here was— Well, she must have had money, because it's a big house for a single woman, and we know that she used to entertain a great deal. Her husband died here, but she stayed on—didn't want to return to Holland, and who can blame her? And she continued to give her parties.

"Very gay they were, as you can imagine—silks and satins, and the young officers in dress uniform. Why, the reception room covered all of this ground floor. Well, I daresay the other ladies in the colony didn't entirely approve—I mean, being next door to the Dutch church, and all—and I wouldn't be surprised if the stories about her started then."

"I see," I said, quite entranced by the picture of beautiful, splendidly dressed women sweeping down the curving teak stairs, of a string orchestra, and spruce young men in blue and gold. "What happened to her?"

'Well, nothing much. She grew old, and the parties became quieter, and in the end she, too, died here. She must have been lonely at the end, because it turned out that she had no one to leave the house to. It went, with the rest of her property, to distant relatives in Holland.

"They never came out here, I'm told. They must have thought of her as something of a black sheep. They sold the house without ever seeing it. The Army bought it and turned it into officer's quarter." He crinkled his eyes and added, in a mildly naughty tone, "Rather appropriate, don't you think? I mean since she had . . . *entertained* so many of them before."

I went off to the beach, still pleased by the idea of her daring dance parties, and determined to listen on future nights for the ghostly sounds of those remote strings, the chatter of distant Dutch voices, the whisper of brocades down the wide corridors.

MOST afternoons, after my child woke from his siesta, I used to take him for a walk on the ramparts and fortifications of

Galle. These old walls, overgrown with short, springy grass, are now disintegrating slowly toward the sea. The ancient, crumbling turrets, left over from the sixteenth century, when the Portuguese, before the Dutch, ruled Ceylon, are lined with moss, and goats skip among their crenellations.

My son used to run after the goats, and I used to run after my son. Warm and out of breath, we would usually end up at the lighthouse, which is built on top of the ramparts and overlooks both the eastern bay of Galle and the immense expanse of ocean to the south. Very often on these early evenings we would meet a Mr. da Souza and his five-year-old son soberly playing cricket together on the clear stretch of grass near the lighthouse.

My child would immediately abandon the goats in favor of the cricket ball, and, rather to my surprise, young Francis da Souza was very patient with him, in spite of their two-year age difference, and would allow him to swipe wildly at the air with the bat while he bowled slow, easy balls to him. Mr. da Souza and I sat on the lighthouse steps and watched the children as we exchanged polite, impersonal comments about our surroundings. He was a native of Galle, a short, dark Singhalese with heavily oiled hair and even, small features.

He spoke a strongly accented, rather careful English, and his remarks to me were always gently instructive, displaying a fondness for factual detail, and a schoolmarmish mind softened by the usual courtesy of his people. Once, as we gazed at the huge breakers crashing below us against the fortress walls, he said, "It is extraordinary, is it not, that these waves come rolling up to us all the way from Antarctica."

"Really? Isn't there any land south of Ceylon?"

"There is no land *directly* south," he corrected. "No land at all."

Gradually, by oblique questions or direct assumptions ("Francis, I suppose, goes to an English school? He plays cricket so well," or "Someone like you, Mr. da Souza, who understands the workings of the government administration . . ."), I learned that Mr. da Souza was a minor official in the Government Accounts Department, stationed in Galle. His wife had died a couple of years before. Francis was his only child. His sister kept house for him.

They lived in one of the new, cheaply built houses in the sprawl-

the development of New Galle, a community that had expanded along the edge of the bay outside the old gray walls of the old city. I soon learned that he was a Catholic, and that his family had been Catholic for generations. ("Long ago," he said to me once, with a smile, "the Portuguese colonists were successful in at least one of their aims.") However, in spite of all the general information I acquired about him, Mr. de Souza did not, in truth, interest me very much until we began talking about devils and magic.

AFTER those weeks our informal conferences at the lighthouse had become such a daily habit that I was surprised one morning when Mr. de Souza failed to appear. Several days then went by without a sign of him. I wondered if he was sick. Or perhaps Mr. de Souza had been, and the family had gone away for a holiday, although I couldn't imagine why anyone would leave such a perfect holiday place as Galle.

Eventually, after an absence of about a week, he did reappear at the lighthouse, and while neither of us [illegible] I mentioned the interruption of his normal routine I could see that something had happened, for he was restless and preoccupied. On the top of the ramparts, he was too distracted even to watch the children playing cricket, or to remark, as he often had, on how odd a nearby Buddhist temple looked amid the surrounding eighteenth-century European architecture, or to speculate about what life might have been like in the enclosed fortress before the great walls had become no more than a charming addition to the atmosphere of the town.

He couldn't talk and didn't want to listen, and an uneasy, unfamiliar silence fell between us. Suddenly he sprang up from the lighthouse steps and said commandingly, "Come, I will show you some of the sights of Galle."

Obediently, I got up, although I had seen the sights of Galle many times. It is a small town; it takes only about twenty minutes to walk the length of the great [illegible] on which it is built, from the great harbor [illegible] on the south to the huge gate that leads to the mixed hotels, temples, and homes, or to walk from the [illegible] of the Galle harbor to the [illegible] ramparts on the [illegible] eastern [illegible].

However, Mr. de Souza clearly wanted to walk, so we set off down the road from the light.

house toward the beautiful square that used to be the center of town, trailed by the children, who kept dropping the cricket ball in the gutter and waving the bat dangerously. Throughout the walk, Mr. da Souza made comments about the buildings or streets that we passed, but the usual gently informative joy in the town and its history was absent from his voice. "Scarcely changed in two hundred years," he said abruptly, waving a hand toward the slender arcades around the square, where previously he would have peopled them with the bustling, elegant foreign life of the colonial days.

WHEN we passed a crowded alley of open-fronted shops where men sat on the floor polishing a cloudy glitter into piles of moonstones, or sorting opals, or working tortoise shell into elaborate hairpins, Mr. da Souza said nothing at all. Still puzzled by his unhappy silence, I tried to amuse myself by mentally reciting the foreign names for Ceylon that Mr. da Souza had taught me—the heady residue of ancient history: Taprobane, Tenerisim, Ilanare, Serendib.

We turned in to the wider street that sweeps downhill between the Governor's house and the old bell tower, and stopped at last before the eastern gate. It is always an impressive moment when you see a sunlit scene through the tunnellike darkness of an archway. We stood staring at the harbor and the shining bay framed by the deep and lovely gate cut in the outer walls of Galle, and I said conventionally, "It's magical, isn't it?"

Mr. da Souza turned to me alertly. "Magical?" he repeated. Then, in a different tone, he said, "Yes, there is too much magic here."

"Mr. da Souza," I said, unable to disguise my curiosity any longer, "you are obviously worried about something. Do come up to the hotel and have a drink with me and tell me about it." He looked at me coldly for a second, and I was afraid that I had offended him, so I quickly added, "Or don't tell me about it, if you prefer."

"Thank you very much," Mr da Souza said formally. "I would like to have a drink with you."

At the hotel, waiters brought a table and chairs out onto the lawn for us, and we sat with our backs to the sunset, under an enormous rain tree, gazing out to the darkening bay below us. The children

played and chattered with the group of venders that always hung about the hotel steps, examining models of outrigger fishing boats and prodding at tissue-paper packets of star sapphires and water sapphires. Mr. da Souza ordered beer and sipped it in silence.

"SOMETHING happened a week ago," he said at last, and I am very troubled. We are good Catholics, you understand, and that makes it yet more difficult. I will tell you about it." But then he stopped and said nothing at all for a while. "My sister is not imaginative," he announced suddenly. "She will make a good wife to somebody one day. She's a sensible housekeeper, and she has taken good care of the child and me.

"She used to laugh a great deal. That's it." He looked straight at me to give his words emphasis. "I'm sure that's it. She should never have laughed at him."

"At Francis?" I asked uncertainly.

"No, no." He waved a hand in an impatient gesture. "At that man—that Dutchman. A week ago—last Tuesday—she was returning from church, from the Vespers service, and on the walk back to our house she passed an old building. It is used as a godown now—a rather dilapidated little warehouse, actually—but it dates from Dutch times, I can assure you of that.

"At first I thought she was mistaken when she told me what she had seen. It was twilight, you understand, and she could easily have been mistaken, and it seemed so unlikely that she should see him when she was returning from church and was filled with goodness." He shook his head sadly. "The man was standing on top of the wall of the godown and he was dressed in the manner of the colonial Dutch—tight breeches, short jacket, buckled shoes, and all that. But she didn't recognize the clothes. She takes no interest in history. She thought he just looked funny standing there in those strange clothes, and so she laughed at him.

"I told her, when she described him to me, that she should not have laughed. It was impolite, whoever he was."

I said, "Do you mean that you think the man was a ghost?"

"Can there be any doubt?"

"Well, in that tricky light . . ."

"Ah, I, too, hoped it was only a question of the light. But that

night the man came to our house. He must have followed her."

"Came to your *house*? Did you see him?"

I couldn't see him, but she could. Suddenly she stared at one corner of the ceiling and screamed. 'He is there!' she said. 'He is looking at me and laughing!'

"As you can well believe, I was very distressed. I tried to tell her she was imagining things, but she wouldn't listen to me and ran into her bedroom. But the Dutchman appeared again, in a corner of the bedroom ceiling.

"He appeared always, you see, at the same height as when she had first seen him, on the wall of the godown. I have never seen anyone in a true frenzy before, but that was my sister's state. She ran out to the veranda, but there he was again, floating above the veranda railing. She began to throw herself about in terror, shouting and crying. Her hair came down and she tore her sari. She was in such a condition that she would not have felt it if you had jabbed a pin in her. She found a stick somewhere and tried to strike the ghost. She made so much noise that the neighbors came over to see what was happening.

THEY tried to help me to calm her, but she wouldn't listen to us, or couldn't hear us. It was terrible. At last she fell exhausted to the floor, and ever since then she has been incapable of coherent speech. She either lies quite stiffly on her bed, without moving, or leaps up and screams and pleads with the laughing Dutchman in the corner of her ceiling. Poor Francis now has no clean shirts to wear.

"The neighbors have been very kind and have come in to cook the meals. But the house has not been cleaned. The chickens have been fed only when someone has remembered. And even Francis's pet dog has run away." He paused and looked into his empty beer glass. "What to do?" he said, in soft despair. "What to do?"

"Perhaps you should take your sister to a psychiatrist," I suggested after a moment. "If you know of a good one in Ceylon."

"That is what they would do in India?" he inquired sharply.

"Well, not in India so much. I was thinking more of America."

"You have lived for long in America?"

"A few years, yes."

"Yes." He nodded with a sort of gloomy resignation. "There, too, they believe in magic."

"It's not really considered magic," I said carefully. "I mean it's supposed to be a science."

"That is what the devil dancers tell me also." He caught my look of astonishment, and added, "That theirs, too, is a science. Like psychiatry, you understand. They cure such—ills. I believe some of these men are wise, for they have seen many afflicted people." Suddenly he burst out, "But I am a good Catholic! How can I have dealings with magic?"

"You couldn't bring yourself to try psychiatry—to accept it as medical treatment?" I asked.

"Or a devil dance," he insisted. "If I accept one, why not the other?"

"Surely they're a bit different."

But he shook his head. "All magic. You try to cure what you cannot see. Where is the soul? I ask of you. Has it blood? Flesh? Cells? How can I believe in medical treatments for the troubles of the soul? I must think. I must *think*."

"Do let me know if I can help," I said rather stupidly.

"You are already too kind."

"I could look after Francis in the afternoons."

"I could not trouble you."

* * *

FOR the next few days, I didn't see Mr. da Souza, and though I often thought about him and wondered whether he had solved his problem, I didn't have quite the nerve to telephone him at his office.

On Sunday morning, however, while I was standing on the veranda trying to decide whether there was time to get to the beach and back before it rained, Mr. da Souza, with Francis beside him, drove up to the hotel steps in a small horse cart. He walked slowly toward me while my son rushed out to talk to the horse and to Francis and the driver.

"Good morning," Mr. da Souza said abruptly, and then he was silent for several moments, watching the congregation file into the Dutch church next door. At last he said, "Will you come to a village with me? It isn't far."

Before I could ask him where we were going and why, he had turned away and was striding back to the cart. I followed him, thinking that he would probably explain once we got started.

The children sat in front, next to the driver, while we sat with our backs to them, watching the receding road. Mr. da Souza said nothing at all as we rattled down the short, steep hill to the inland

gate of Galle, passed the large circular green outside the old city, where the Galle boys usually played football of an afternoon, and turned in to the road that follows the curve of the eastern bay and leads to New Galle. By that time, intimidated by his silence, I couldn't bring myself to ask any questions. Then, as we drove past the Catholic church in New Galle and heard the bell ringing and saw the last stragglers hurrying up the path, he nodded toward the building and remarked bitterly, "You will see what I have come to!"

We must have driven three or four miles before we left the main road, turning first in to a narrow side road and then in to a lane. Finally, we went bumping and jingling betwen the palms of a coconut grove, to stop quite suddenly at a sort of village. A few small, square houses, with whitewashed walls and coconut-frond thatches, stood around a clearing of beaten earth. We climbed down from the horse cart and stood about rather helplessly. There seemed to be nobody around except two boys, who were crouching on one side of the clearing and playing some elaborate game with sticks and stones. They looked up from this absorbing ritual when the driver yelled at them, and then fled behind the biggest of the houses. "This is the devil dancers' village," Mr. da Souza told me. "I hope you do not mind that I brought you."

"Not at all, not at all," I said, inadequately.

Within a few moments, the door of the biggest house opened and an old man in a red-and-green checked sarong and a white shirt came toward us. He was tall, and looked taller still because he stood very straight and walked with the easy confidence of a much younger man.

He was smiling pleasantly, but I thought I detected under his affable manner a thoughtful, analytical expression. I noticed that his hair was dressed in the old-fashioned way—scraped up into a bun high on the back of his head, and held in place by a semicircular tortoise-shell comb.

THERE must have been some tiny brilliants embedded in the tortoise shell, for as he moved, the sunlight flashed on the comb, giving it the authority of a crown. His gestures were old-fashioned, too. He ignored Mr. da Souza's outstretched hand, with a look too fleeting to be called contempt,

nd, instead, brought his own ands together, palm to palm, in he traditional Singhalese greet-ng.

The alert, considering eyes took n my beach clothes and Mr. da Souza's western suit. The old nan spoke a few words to Mr. la Souza in Singhalese and then napped his fingers and said omething sharply to the two oys behind him. They imme-diately scuttled into the house nd came struggling out again vith three rickety wooden chairs, vhich they placed some distance part in the middle of the clear-ng. Mr. da Souza indicated where should sit, and took the chair ext to me, and then the old man at down facing us.

The courtesies in Singhalese ontinued, and since I couldn't nderstand what the two men vere saying, I watched the boys etting coconuts for us. One of hem hitched up his sarong and, vith a neat economy of move-nent, shinned up a palm bole, roduced a knife from the cloth t his waist, and cut down three oconuts.

The other stood underneath, aught the coconuts, stripped off he outer fibre, sliced off the top f the inner casing, and brought ne to each of us. I sat there and sipped the thin, sweetish liquid, keeping an eye on Francis and my son, and half listening to Mr. da Souza, who seemed to be conducting complicated negotiations with the old chief of the devil dancers. I found that I was enjoying the warm, moist morning and the pleasing cadences of a language I didn't understand, but I did wonder occasionally why Mr. da Souza had brought me along on this expedition.

He talked away earnestly, with frequent emphatic movements of his hands. The old man nodded from time to time, or interrupted with a few words, and quite often glanced at me with polite amusement. Once he said, in halting English, "Tourist, is it?" and I smiled and nodded.

Mr. da Souza said to me, "I hope you won't mind . . ."

"Of course not," I assured him. "After all, I *am* a tourist."

Later, the old man turned to me again, and said, "Seventy rupees. All right?"

I looked nervously at the two men and began to wish that I spoke Singhalese. "Seventy rupees for what?" I asked sternly.

BUT before the old man could reply, Mr. da Souza burst into another torrent of Singhalese. He

was answered heatedly. He retorted with scorn. Just as they seemed about to reach the point of real anger, the old man spread out his hands and said sadly to me, "All right. Fifty rupees."

"What *for*?" I insisted.

"For we do you the dance."

"You do the dance for *me*?"

Mr. da Souza seemed most upset. "Naturally, I will handle the payment," he said.

"I see," I said, not seeing at all.

"I had to tell him that you were a tourist who wanted to see one of Ceylon's celebrated devil dances," he continued rapidly and in a low voice. "I was not able to ask for myself. Do you mind?"

"Well . . . no." I understood at last why my presence had been necessary for this visit. Since Mr. da Souza was known in Galle as a good Catholic, it would certainly have been embarrassing for him to have the devil dancers for himself. A favor to a visiting tourist, however, was quite another matter.

In the horse cart, on the way back to the hotel, Mr. da Souza asked again, anxiously, "You're sure you do not mind that I arranged it in this way?"

"On the contrary," I said, feeling by this time rather excited about the whole thing. "I'm looking forward to the dances. I believe in magic, you know."

"I know you do. I knew it when you recommended psychiatry for my sister."

I started to protest again over his confusion of the two, but Mr. da Souza went on talking quite cheerfully.

"The old man made some trouble to begin with. He said that it was not proper to do the dances unless there was a patient, an illness to be cured. So I told him that my sister chanced to be ill, and we could therefore hold the dances most suitably at my house, and manage to satisfy your interest at the same time."

"It all worked out very neatly, didn't it?" I said, with a touch of annoyance at the way he had used me.

"Yes, didn't it?" He smiled at me disarmingly.

I couldn't help asking, "But what made you decide on a devil dance after all?"

"By now," he said thoughtfully, "Francis and I have learned to take care of ourselves, and I have arranged for a servant to look after the house. But with my sister things have become more serious. Yesterday she found an egg."

"An *egg*?"

"Oh, naturally we have eggs in the proper places for eggs—in the kitchen or in the henhouse—but this egg she found in her bedroom. Or so she said, at least."

"Yes, that does seem unusual."

"I do not entirely understand the meaning, but it is certainly a sign of some kind. The old man was very interested in that egg when I told him about it."

WORD of our arrangements for the devil dance seemed to spread instantly about Galle. A couple of the room boys in the hotel assured me they would come to watch. The manager said, "I hear you're having a devil dance. I haven't a doubt you'll find it interesting, but—a word to the wise—you won't swallow all the stories they tell you about it, will you?"

"Oh, of course not," I said heartily but without real conviction. I had certainly "swallowed" Mr. da Souza's original story, and now, since he felt happier about devil dancing than about psychiatry, and since the cost was so much less, I had decided that it was very sensible of him to try the best available therapy. Some teen-age boys at the beach with whom we often went swimming had told me that the devil dancers Mr. da Souza had chosen were the most reputable troupe in the area.

On the day of the event, I watched the soft-clouded sky anxiously, hoping that the rain would either hold off entirely or expend itself before nighttime. At half past eight that evening, the two room boys and my son and I all climbed into a horse cart and clattered excitedly off to New Galle and the house of Mr. da Souza.

It turned out to be a conventional square, whitewashed house, set back from a side road, and with a small garden in front. Mr. da Souza was waiting at the gate.

He fussed about us as we dismounted, and he insisted upon paying the horse-cart driver. Smiling, exhilarated, talkative, he seemed entirely different in the Singhalese sarong and shirt that he was wearing in place of his customary white drill trousers and white cotton shirt.

He and his neighbors must have been busy all day erecting the bamboo pavilion that now covered most of the garden space. A strong, thick bamboo trunk was set like a pillar at each corner of the pavilion to hold up a lacy arrangement of palm leaves,

which served as a roof. I guessed that the neighborhood children had been sent to pick the flowers that were tucked here and there in the ceiling. There were more flowers—hibiscus, marigolds, and poinsettias—tied to the pillars, which were also wrapped with vines and leaves, making each pillar into a bizarre tree.

At one end of the pavilion was an altar—a high table with round bamboo legs and a slatted bamboo top. The altar was covered with little hills of saffron-colored flowers and pretty, leafy decorations, and around its edge were streamers of palm strips, hanging down almost to the ground, like an odd sort of tablecloth. From each end of the altar a rather crumpled muslin curtain was stretched to a pillar of the pavilion. The three other sides of the pavilion were open to the garden, to the inquisitive stares of passersby on the road, and to the veranda of Mr. da Souza's house.

IMMEDIATELY in front of the veranda someone had placed a low bed—really just a wooden platform—covered with a white sheet. Two glary kerosene lanterns illuminated the fragile shelter. Already a considerable crowd of friends, neighbors, and uninvited townspeople was standing about watching, and rows of barefoot children sat on the ground along the edges of what proved to be the dance area.

Mr. da Souza and I sat in straight chairs set near the bed, and Francis and my son settled down on the ground with the other children. Mr. da Souza told me that the dancers and musicians had arrived but that nothing could begin until the preliminary religious ceremonies had been completed.

The headman from the dancers' village and another old man were standing in front of the altar, intoning prayers and mantras, some in Singhalese and some in what I guessed to be Sanskrit. Various people—several of the dancers and several neighbors—were piling offerings of coconuts and fruit and rice on the altar, and from time to time one of the old men would sprinkle these with water.

At the other end of the pavilion, the musicians were unconcernedly spreading a mat on the ground, arranging the drums, and taking their places. A group of singers were already seated nearby.

THEN there was a stir behind us, and I turned to see two women helping Mr. da Souza's sister down the veranda steps. She was dressed in a white sari, her hair neatly bound up in a knot at the back of her head. She seemed calm, but she walked stiffly and showed no particular interest in the proceedings. She lay down on the bed, closed her eyes, and turned her face toward the house.

This did not seem to be a gesture of defiance but more one of weariness. She had the blank, uncomprehending look of someone badly shocked, but what impressed me most of all was that she appeared only to want to be left alone. When the two women turned her so that she was facing the pavilion, she did not resist, but she semed not to be a part of all the fuss and ceremonial excitement around her.

It was now about ten o'clock. The chanting ended and the headman came over to say something in Singhalese to Mr. da Souza. By that time, only Mr. da Souza and I were keeping up the pretense that the dance was being held to satisfy my tourist curiosity, but I still felt entitled by this fictitious position to demand explanations, so the rest of the evening was punctuated with my questions—"What are they doing?" "What did he say?" "*Now* what are they doing?"—and Mr. da Souza's whispered replies.

Now he told me, "The old man wants to know what is the matter with my sister."

"I should have thought it was his job to diagnose the trouble."

"Oh, no. There are certain diseases—like appendicitis, for example—that they do not claim to cure. Can your psychiartists cure them?"

"I suppose not."

"It is the same."

Mr. da Souza described his sister's experience to the old man, and explained that she suffered from alternate phases of utter withdrawal and great agitation. The old man nodded solemnly, asked a few questions, and then gave a signal to the musicians. The drummer began a strong, cheerful rhythm, the thin, sad sound of a flute joined in, and then, almost indistinguishable from the flute, the voices of the women singers rose.

THE dancing started quite briskly, each dancer coming out to the dance area alone to execute a few rapid turns and leaps, and then retiring to the side of the altar. There were six or seven

of the dancers, all young men, who wore loose white trousers covered by calf-length skirts, and had bands of small bells strapped to their ankles. They were bare-chested, and their headdresses were made of red cloth, wound tightly over the forehead, with tassels of palm fibre hanging over the ears.

Soon the dancers appeared in twos and threes, and the dancing became faster and more acrobatic. They whirled around the clearing with such speed and in such intricate patterns of movement that it became impossible to distinguish one dancer from another.

The drumming grew louder, the crowd more excited, but when I glanced over at Mr. da Souza's sister, she was lying with her eyes still closed and her face now turned away from the dancing.

There came a moment when the rhythm of the drums changed and the dancers all appeared holding blazing palm-leaf torches. From time to time, as they continued their spins and turns, they would fling a whitish powder—gunpowder, I guessed—on their torches, making sudden sheets of flame.

Some rubbed themselves with red-hot embers, some appeared with a torch in each hand and described wild circles of fire as they danced around the clearing. Still the figure on the bed lay motionless.

Abruptly the fire dancing came to an end. There was a consultation, conducted in low, worried voices, between Mr. da Souza and the old man. During this pause in the ceremony, all the spectators were served with some rather nasty raspberry soda pop, and the orchestra drank palm beer. As I sipped my soda, I kept watching the sister, who remained shrouded in her white sari and in her silent rejection of all the activity around her.

I was suddenly very sorry for her. Clearly, she was sick. It must have been anything but soothing for her to listen to the relentless drums and to the gasps and shouts of the audience as the torches flared and the dancers stamped across the pavilion.

Perhaps she had greater fortitude than I would have guessed possible, or perhaps she didn't hear any of it at all. From her expression, from her immobility, I couldn't tell; she might have been asleep.

When the performance resumed, two of the dancers appeared dressed as women. Throughout the action that fol-

lowed, one retained the role of a Singhalese housewife, while the other was sometimes a friend, sometimes a neighbor or a servant or a mother-in-law, as the unfolding dance story required.

ACCOMPANIED only by the singers, they went through a long pantomime, of remarkable precision, depicting the daily life, the duties, the joys of a Singhalese woman—the washing of clothes, the cleaning of the house, the peeling and preparing of vegetables, the cooking, the care of the children.

At last the chores are done, the housewife sits down before her mirror, combs and oils her hair, knots it carefully, makes herself beautiful for her husband. At this moment, the mood of his dance was broken by a gasp and a sudden struggling movement from the bed.

The reedy singing of the women stopped. The dancers turned to stare at Mr. da Souza's sister. She sat up and swung her feet to the ground. She said something in a harsh, demanding voice. I nudged Mr. da Souza. Without looking at me, he said, "She wants to dance."

The old man hurried over and held a palm wand above the sister's head. Then the drums struck up again. The two pantomimists shuffled away, and another dancer, dressed in the male costume, appeared.

He began to dance slowly in front of the sister. After a moment or two, she stepped forward, took her place behind the dancer, and started to follow his movements.

The drumming gained speed and complexity, and the sister danced with it, leaving her partner and inventing movements of her own. She twisted away and circled the clearing. Her hair came down. She danced with increasing abandon, tossing her hair back whenever it got in her eyes.

All of us—even the dancers—watched her in silence, not knowing quite what to expect.

Slowly her movements became less frantic, and at last, breathless and shiny with sweat, she sank back on the bed.

It was now well after midnight. The old man again talked to Mr. da Souza, who then told me that it was time to bring on the eighteen demons. "They are terrifying," he said, "but you must not be distressed. They do good."

"Good demons?"

"No, they are bad, but so frightening that they scare away the other devils."

They were frightening, all right, and I was pleased to see that my child had gone to sleep, leaning limply against Francis. Even the thunderous roll of drums that announced the appearance of each demon failed to wake him.

One by one, in black, green, or scarlet masks, in extraordinary costumes made of thick green leaves, with fangs, with great shocks of black hair, with talons or claws, with fierce, inhuman screams, the demons danced out, and eventually vanished into the enclosing darkness. Through it all, the sister sat upright on the bed and watched; she trembled from time to time but otherwise showed no expression.

At last, the performance ended, with more prayers and chanting. We got stiffly to our feet as the musicians and dancers started packing up their things. The sister was led back indoors. I looked at my watch, and was astonished to find that it was almost 3 A.M. Sleeping children were picked up, and the crowd dispersed in silence. We got back to the hotel just before dawn.

THE next evening, I hurried to the lighthouse, and found Mr. da Souza on the steps. When the children had become absorbed in their cricket game, he turned to me with his old smiling formality. "A fine, clear evening," he said. "We are nearly at the end of the rainy season."

"Will it get much hotter now?" I asked impatiently.

"It will get hot, but the sea becomes more beautiful. It will no longer be this muddy green."

"Mr. da Souza, I *must* ask you. Is she cured?"

He stared at the ground, frowning. "She is silent, but she goes about her business in the house," he said. "I think she is cured."

"Does the old man think so, too?"

"I think he may. He came to the house this morning to collect the rest of his fee, and we talked about my sister. He felt that the point at which she showed interest in the dance was very significant. You remember—how she ignored it all until the dancers were acting out the return of a husband to his wife at the end of the day.

"He prescribed"—Mr. da Souza smiled slightly at the little joke he was about to make—"I suppose you would call it 'treatment.' He said she should get married."

"Does she want to?"

"All women must want to get married," Mr. da Souza said, with a sigh. "I will have to arrange a

marriage for her. I should have done so sooner, but I thought only of my own convenience and of Francis. And as a consequence she withdrew from her duties in my house. A woman's duties—the same duties—would appear different to her in her own house."

"You mean her illness was sort of a protest against her position in your house?"

He spread his hands in a helpless gesture. "At least, her illness drew attention to that position."

"But what will happen to you and Francis now?"

"I suppose I could remarry. My sister has often told me that I should, but I never listened. I thought that in saying this she was concerned for my welfare and happiness. I see now that she was also worried about her own. First, I will take her and Francis for a couple of weeks to the hills, to Kandy. When we return, I shall look for a husband for her."

"In that case, I probably won't see you again," I said. "We'll be leaving before you get back."

"Ah, I regret that." He paused as if he were formulating a difficult speech, and then said to me, with utter sincerity, "I must take this occasion, then, to thank you for your good advice. About psychiatry, I mean."

"Or devil dancing."

"Or devil dancing," he agreed, laughing.

H. Addington Bruce

A frequent contributor to TOMORROW, H. Addington Bruce, died February 23, in Hartford, Connecticut, at the age of 86. His most recent contribution to these pages was "Four Who Pioneered," in the Special Issue on Hypnosis (Autumn, 1958).

Mr. Bruce was born in Oakville, Ontario, Canada, and came to New York in 1897. He was, at one time, a staff member of the *New York Tribune.* From 1912 to 1927 he wrote a daily newspaper column on mind-body relations for the Associated Newspapers. His most successful work was *Daniel Boone and the Wilderness Road,* originally publisshed in 1910 but a widely selling book for several decades.

Mr. Bruce was a member and one-time Trustee of the American Society for Psychical Research.

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